THE PHOENIX,

AS IT HATH BEENE

Sundrie times Acted, by the

Children of Paules.

And presented before his Maiestie.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. H.* for *R. Meighen*, and are to be sold at his shop, next to the Middle-Temple Gate, and in S. *Dunstans* Church-yard in *Fleet-street*.

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THE Phoenix.

Enter the old Duke of Ferrara, Nobles, Proditor, Luſurioſo, and Infeſto, with Attendants.

Duke MY Lordes,
Know that we far from any naturall pride
Or touch of temporall ſway, haue ſeene our face
In our graue counſele foreheads: where doth ſtand
Our trueſt glaſſe, made by Times wrinckled hand.
We know we e're old, my daies proclayme me ſo:
Fortie-fiue yeres, I've gently ruld this Dukedome,
Pray heauen it be no faule,
For there's as much diſeaſe, though not to th' eye.
In too much pittie, as in Tyrannie.
Infeſt. Your grace hath ſpoke it right.
Duke. I know that life
Ha's not long courſe in me, twill not be long
Before I ſhow that Kings haue mortall bodies
As well as Subjects, therefore to my comfort,
And your ſucceſsfull hopes I haue a Sonne
Whom I dare boaſt of;——
Luſ. Whom we all doe boaſt of,
A Prince elder in vertues then in yeares;
Infeſt. His iudgement is a Father to his youth.
Prod. I, I, would he were from Court.

Infeſt. Our largeſt hopes grow in him,
Prod. And tis the greateſt pittie Noble Lord,
He is vntraueld. *Luſ.* Tis indeede my Lord.
Prod. Had he but trauaile to his time and Vertue—oh hee ſhould neere returne agen.
Duke. It ſhall be ſo, what is in hope begun,
Experience quickens, trauaile confirmes the man,
Who' elſe liues doubtfull, and his daies oft ſory,
" Who' rich in Knowledge, ha's the ſtocke of glory.
Prod. Moſt true my royall Lord.
Duke. Some one attend our Sonne.

Enter Prince attended by Fidelio.

Infeſt. See, heere comes my Lord.
Duke. Oh you come well.
Phœ. Tis alwaies my deſire my worthy Father:
Duke. Your Serious ſtudyes, and thoſe fruitfull howres
That grow vp into iudgement, well become (ſonne
Your birth, and all our loues: I weepe that you are my
But Vertuouſly I weepe, the more my gladnes:
We haue thought good and meete by the conſent
Of theſe our Nobles, to mooue you toward Trauaile,
The better to approue you to your ſelfe
And giue your apter power, foundation:
To ſee affections actually præſented.
Ee'n by thoſe men that owe them, yeeld more profit,
I more content, then ſingly to reade of them,
" Since loue or feare, make Writers partiall,
The good and free example which you finde,
In other Countries, match it with your own,
The ill to ſhame the ill, which will in time,
Fully inſtruct you how to ſet in frame,
A kingdome all in peeces.
Phœ. Honoured Father,
With care and duetie I haue liſtned to you,
What you deſire, in me it is obedience,
I doe obey in all, knowing for right,
" Experience is a Kingdomes better ſight.
Prod. Oh tis the verie luſtre of a Prince,

Trauaile!

Trauaile! tis sweete and generous, (reigne
Duke. He that knowes how to obey, knowes how to
And that true knowledge haue we found in you,
Make choice of your Attendants.
Phœ. They'r soone chose, only this man my Lord, a louing seruant of mine.
Duk. What none but he? *Phœ.* I doe intreate no more,
For that's the benefit a priuate Gentleman
Enioyes beyond our state, when he notes all,
Himselfe vnnoted,
For should I beare the fashion of a prince,
I should then win more flatterie, then profit,
And I should giue e'm time & warning then
To hide their Actions from me, if I appeare a Sunne,
Theile run into the shade with their ill deedes,
And so preuent me.
Prud. A little too wise, a little too wise to liue long.
Duk. You haue answered vs with wisdome, let it be.
Things priuate are best known through priuacy. *Exeunt*

Manet Phœnix and Fidelio.

Phœ. Stay you my elected seruant.
Fid. My kinde Lord.
Phœ. The Duke my Father has a heauy burthen,
O' yeares vpon him.
Fid. My Lord it seemes so, for they make him stoope.
Phœ. Without dissemblance he is deepe in age,
He bowes vnto his graue, I wonder much
Which of his wild Nobilitie it should bee
(For none of his sad counsell has a voyce in't)
Should so farre trauaile into his consent,
To set me ouer into other Kingdomes.
Vpon the stroke and minute of his death?
Fid. My Lord, tis easier to suspect them all,
Then truly to name one.
Phœ. Since it is thus,
By absence, ile obey the Duke my father,
And yet not wrong my selfe.
Fid. Therein my Lord,

You might be happie twice.

Phœn. So it shall be,
Ile stay at home, and trauaile;

Fid. Would your Grace
Could make that good.

Phœ. I can & indeed a Prince need no trauaile farther then his own Kingdom, if he apply himself faithfully, worthy the glory of himselfe and expectation of others: and it would appeare far nobler in dustrie in him, to reforme those fashions that are already in his Country, then to bring new ones in, which haue neither true forme nor fashion; to make his Court an Owle, Citie an Ape, & the Country a Wolfe, preying vpon the ridiculous pride of either, and therefore I holde it a safer sterne vpon this luckie aduantage, since my father is neere his setting, & I vpon the Eastern hil to take my rise, to look into the heart and bowels of Dukedome, and in disguise, marke all abuses ready for Reformatiō or Punishment.

Fid. Giue me but leaue vnfainedly to admire you,
Your wisdome is so spacious and so honest.

Phœ. So much haue the complaints & suits of men seuen, nay seuenteene yeares neglected, still interposd by coine and great enemies, preuaild with pittie, that I cannot otherwise thinke but there are infectious dealings in most offices, and foule misteries throughout all Professions: and therefore I nothing doubt but to find trauaile enough within my selfe, & Experience I feare too much: nor will I be curious to fit my body to the humblest forme & bearing, so the labor may be fruitfull: for how can abuses that keepe low, come to the right view of a Prince, vnlesse his lookes lie leuel with them, which else will be longest hid from him, he shall be the last man sees 'em.

For oft betweene Kings Eyes, and subiects Crimes
Stands there a barre of brybes, the vnder office
Flatters him next aboue it: he the meat,
And so of most, or many, Euery Abuse will chuse a brother,
Tis through the world, this Hand will rub the other.

Fid. You haue set downe the world briefly my Lord.

Phœn. But how am I assur'd of faith in thee?

Yet

Yet I durſt truſt thee.

Fid. Let my ſoule be loſt,
When it ſhall looſe your ſecrets: nor will I only bee a preſeruer of them, but if you ſo pleaſe an aſſiſter.

Phœn. It ſuffices:
That King ſtands ſur'ſt who by his vertue riſes
More then by birth or blood, that Prince is rare,
Who ſtriues in youth to ſaue his age from care,
Let's be prepar'd away. *Exit Phœn.*

Fid. Ile follow your Grace,
Thou wonder of all Princes, Preſident, and Glorie,
True Phœnix, made of an vnuſuall ſtraine,
" Who labours to reforme is fit to raigne.
How can the King be ſafe that ſtudies not
The profit of his people? See where comes
The beſt part of my heart, my loue. *Enter Neece.*

Neece. Sir, I am bound to find you, I heard newly
Of ſuddaine Trauaile which his grace intends
And onely but your ſelfe to accompany him.

Fid. You heard in that, little beſide the truth,
Yet not ſo ſuddaine as to want thoſe manners,
To leaue you vnregarded.

Neece. I did not thinke, ſo vnfaſhionably of you:
How long is your returne?

Fid. Tis not yet come to me, ſcarce to my Lord,
Vnleſſe the Duke referre it to his pleaſure,
But long I thinke it is not, the Dukes age,
(If not his apt experience) will forbid it.

Neece. His grace commands, I muſt not think amiſſe,
Fid. Nay ſtay, and take this comfort, (farwell:
You ſhall heare often from vs, ile direct
Where you ſhall ſurely know, and I deſire you
Write mee the Truth, how my new father in law, the
Captaine beares himſelfe toward my Mother,
For that marriage knew nothing of My minde,
It neuer flouriſht in any part of my affection.

Neece. Me thinks ſha's much diſgrac'd herſelfe.

Fid. Nothing ſo: if he be good and will abide the touch, a

Captaine

Captain may marry a Lady, if he can saile into her good will.

Neece. Indeede thats all, *Exit*

Fid. Tis all in all, commend me to thy brest, farwel.
So by my Lords firme pollicy we may see,
To present view, what absent formes would be.

Exit Fidelio.

Enter the Captaine with Souldiering fellowes.

1 There's Noble purchase Captaine.

2 Nay admirable purchase.

3 Ynough to make vs proud for euer.

Cap. Hah?

1 Neuer was opportunitie so Gallant.

Cap Why you make me madde.

2 Three Ships not a poope lesse.

3 And euery one so wealthily burdned vpon my manhood.

Cap. Pox on't, and now I am tyed ee'n as the Deuill would ha'e.

1 Captaine, of all men liuing I would ha' sworne thou wouldst nere haue married.

Cap. Sfoo't, so would I my selfe man, giue me my Due, you know I ha sworne all heauen ouer and ouer?

1 That you haue yfaith.

Cap. Why goe too then.

1 Of a man that has tasted salt water to commit such a fresh Tricke.

Cap. Why tis abhominable? I grant you, now I see't

1 Had there beene fewer Women?

2 And among those Women fewer Drabs ——

3 And among those Drabs fewer pleasing ——

Cap. Then ta'd beene something:

1 But when there are more women, more common, pretty, sweete hearts, then euer any age could boast of.

Cap. And I to play the Artificer and marrie, to haue my wife dance at home, & my Ship at Sea, and both take in salt water together: oh Leiftenant thou'rt happy, thou keepst a Wench.

1 I hope I am happier then so Captaine, for a my troth

shee

ſhee keepes me.

Cap. How? is there any ſuch fortunate man breathing? & I ſo miſerable to liue honeſt: I enuie thee Lieutenant, I enuie thee, that art ſuch a happy Knaue, heres my hand among you, ſhare it equally, Ile to ſea with you.

2 There ſpoke a Noble Captaine.

Cap. Lets heare from you, there will be newes ſhortly.

1 Doubt it not Captaine. *Exeunt*

Cap. What luſtfull paſſion came aboard of mee, that I ſhould marry, was I drunke? yet that cannot altogether hold, for it was foure a clocke 'ith morning, had it beene fiue I would ha ſworne it: that a man is in danger euery minute to be caſt away, without he haue an extraordinary Pilot that can performe more then a man can do: & to ſay truth too, when 'ime abroad what can I doe at home? no man liuing can reach ſo farre: & what a horrible thing t'would bee to haue hornes brought me at *Sea*, to looke as if the Deuill were 'ith ſhip: and all the great Tempeſtes would bee thought of my Rayſing, to be the generall curſſe of all Merchants: and yet they likely are as deepe in as my ſelf, and thats a comfort. O that a Captaine ſhould liue to be marryed! nay, I that haue beene ſuch a Gallant ſalt-theefe, ſhould yet liue to be married: What a fortuate Elder Brother, is he, whoſe father being a Ramiſh Plough-man, himſelf a perfumde Gentleman ſpending the labouring reeke from his Fathers Noſthrils in Tobacco: the ſweate of his Fathers body in monthly Phiſicke for his pretty queſie Harlot: hee ſowes a pace 'ith Countrie: the Taylor oretakes him 'ith Citie, ſo that often times before the Corne comes to Earing, tis vp to the eare in high Collars, and ſo at euery harueſt the Reapers take paines for the Mercers, ha! why this is ſtirring happineſſe indeede, would my father had held a plow ſo, and fed vpon ſqueaz'd Curds and Onions, that I might haue bath'd in ſenſualitie: but he was too ruttiſh himſelf to let me thriue vnder him, conſumde me before he got me, and that makes me ſo wretched, now to be ſhackled with a wife, and not greatly rich neither.

Enter his Lady.

Lady. Captaine, my Husband.

Cap. S'life call me husband agen, and ile play the Captaine and beate you.

Lady. What ha's disturb'd you sir, that you now looke so like an Enemie vpon me?

Cap. Goe make a Widdower, hang thy selfe.
How comes it that you are so opposite
To loue and kindenes? I deserue more Respect,
But that you please to be forgetfull of it.

Lady. For loue to you, did I neglect my state,
Chide better fortunes from me,
Gaue the world talke, laid all my friends at waste.

Captaine. The more foole you, could you like none but me?
Could none but I supply you?
I am sure you were sued to, by far worthier men,
Deeper in wealth and Gentrie.
What couldst thou see in me, to make thee doate so on me,
If I know, I am a Villaine: what a torments this? why didst thou marry me? you thinke, as most of your insatiate Widdowes, that Captaines can doe wonders, when 'lasse the name do's often proue the better man.

Lady. That which you vrge, should rather giue me cause to repent then your selfe.

Cap. Then to that end I doo't.

Lady. What a miserable state am I led into?

Enter Seruus.

Cap. How now sir?

Seruus. Count Proditor is now alighted.

Cap. What, my Lord: I must make much of such a man, ee'n to my face, hee plyes it hard I thanke him:

Enter Proditor.

What, my worthy Lord?

Prod. Ile come to you in order Captaine.

Cap. Oh thats in order: a kisse is the Gammoth to prickesong.

Prod. Let me salute you Captaine.

Cap. My

Cap. My deere esteemed Count, I haue a life for you

Prod. Heare you the newes?

Cap. What may it be my Lord?

Prod. My Lord, the Dukes Sonne is vpon his trauaile to seuerall Kingdomes.

Cap. May it be possible my Lord, and yet so little rumorde.

Prod. Tak't of my Truth, nay, twa's well manag'd, things are as they are handled: but all my care is still, pray heauen he returne safe, without danger Captaine.

Cap. Why, is there any doubt to be had of that my Lord?

Prod. I by my faith Captaine.

Princes haue priuate enemies, and great,
Put case a man should grudge him, for his Vertues or Enuie him for his wisedome, why you know this makes him lye bare brested to his foe,

Cap. That's full of certaintie my Lord, but who bee his Attendants?

Prod. Thence Captaine comes the feare, but simplie attended neither, my best gladnes, onely by your Sonne in Law *Fidelio*.

Cap. Is it to be beleeu'd, I promise you my Lord then I beginne to feare him my selfe, that fellow will vndoe him; I durst vndertake to corrupt him with twelue pence ouer and aboue, and thats a small matter, ha's a whorish Conscience, hee's an inseparable Knaue, and I could neere speake well of that fellow.

Prod. All we of the younger house, I can tell you doe doubt him much,—the Ladies remoou'd, shall wee haue your sweete solicitie Captaine?

Cap. Though it be in mine owne house, I desire I may follow your Lordship.

Prod. I loue to auoide strife,
Not many monthes *Phœnix* shall keepe his life. *Exit.*

Cap. So, his way is in, he knowes it.
We must not be vncurteous to a Lord.
Warne him our house t'were vilde, his presence is an honour, if he lie without our wiues, tis for our credite, wee shall be the better trusted, tis a signe wee shall liue 1th

world: O Tempests and Whirle winds (who but that man whom the forefinger cannot daunt, that makes his shame his liuing:) Who but that man I say, could endure to be throughly married: Nothing but a diuorce can relieue me: any way to be rid of her should rid my torment, if all means faile He kill or poyson her, and purge my fault at sea: but first Ile make a gentle Trie of Diuorce: But how shall I accuse her subtle honestie? Ile attach this Lords comming to her, take hold of that, aske counsell: & now I remember, I haue acquaintance with an olde craftie Client, who by the puzzle of suites and shifting of Courts, has more tricks and starting holes, then the dizzie pates of fifteene Atturneis: one the Ring of his spectacles from office to office: him Ile seeke out with haste, all paths Ile tread,

All deaths Ile die ere I die married. *Exit.*

Enter Praditer with the Captaines wife.

Prod. Pah, you doe resist me hardly.
I beseech your Ladyship cease in this.

Lady. Tis neuer to be granted, if you come as a friend vnto my honour, and my husband, you shall be euer welcome, if not, I must intreate it.

Prod. Why assure your selfe, Madame, tis not the fashion.

Ladie. Tis more my griefe my Lord, such as my selfe are iudg'd the worse for such.

Prod. Faith y'are to nice, youle see mee kindly forth and honourably welcome. *Exeunt.*
Lady.

Enter a Groome before Phœnix, and Fidelio, a lighting into an Inne.

Groome. Gentlemen, y'are most neately welcome.

Phœ. Y'are very cleanely Sir, prethee haue a care to our Geldings.

Groome. Your Geldings shall be well considered.

Fid. Considered?

Phœ. Sirha, what Gueste do's this Inne hold now?

Groome. Some fiue and twentie Gentlemen besides their beastes.

Phœ. Their Beastes?

Groome.

Groome. Their wenches I meane sir, for your worship knowes those that are vnder men are beastes.

Phœ. How do's your Mother sir?

Groome. Very well in health I thanke you heartily sir.

Phœ. And so is my Mare yfaith.

Groome. Ile doe her commendations indeede sir.

Fid. Well kept vp Shuttle-cocke:

Phœ. But what olde fellow was hee that newly alighted before vs?

Gro. Who he? as arrant a craftie fellow as ere made water on horse backe: some say hee's as good a Lawyer, (marrie 'ime sure hee's as bad as a Knaue) if you haue any suites in law, hee's the fittest man for your companie: ha's beene so toward & lug'd himselfe, that he is able to affoord you more knauish counsel for ten groates, thē another for ten shillings.

Phœ. A fine fellow: but do you know him to be a Knaue; and will lodge him.

Groome. Your worship begins to talke idlely, your bed shall be made presently: if we should not lodge knaues, I wonder how wee should be able to liue honestly, are there honest men enough thinke you in a Terme time to fill all the Innes in the towne, and as far as I can see, a knaues Gelding eats no more hay then an honest mans: nay a theeues Gelding eates lesse, ile stand too't, his Master allowes him a better Ordnarie: yet I haue my eightpence day and night, twere more for our profit I wis, you were all theeues, if you were so contented: I shall be cald for: giue your worships good morrow.

Phœ. A royall knaue yfaith wee haue hapned into a Godly Inne.

Fid. Assure you my L. they belong all to one Church.

Phœ. This shold be some old busie turbulent fellow: villanous Low-worme, that eates holes into poore mens causes:

Enter Tangle with two suters.

1 May it please your worship to giue me leaue?

Tang. I giue you leaue sir, you haue your *Veniam*, now fill me a browne Toste sirha.

Groome. Will you haue no drinke too't sir?

Tang. Is that a question in law?

Groome. Yes, in the lowest Court: i'th Sellor sir.

Tang. Let me haa't remou'd presently sir.

Groome. It shall bee done sir.

Tang. Now as you were saying Sir, ile come to yee immediately too.

Phœn. Oh verie well sir: *Tang* I'me a little busie sir.

1 But as how sir? *Tang.* I pray sir?

1 Ha's brought me into the Court, marry my aduersarie ha's not declarde yet.

Tang. Non declaranit Aduersarius saist thou: what a Villain's that, I haue a tricke to doe thee good: I will get thee out a Proxe, and make him declare with a Poxe to him.

1 That will make him declare to his sore griefe, I thinke; your good worship: but put case he doe declare.

Tang. Si declaraſſet, If hee should declare there, (Court

1 I would be loath to stand out to the iudgement of that

Tang. Non ad iudicium, doe you feare corruption? then ile releeue you againe: you shall get a *Superſedias, Non moleſtandum,* and remooue it higher.

1 Very good.

Tan. Now if it should euer come to a *Teſtificandum,* what be his witnesse?

1 I little feare his witnesses.

Tan. Non metuis teſtis? more valiant man then *Oreſtes*

1 Please you sir to dissolue this into Wine, Ale, or Beere, I come a hundred mile to you I protest, and leaue all other counsell behind me.

Tan. Nay you shall alwayes finde me a sound Card, I stood not oth Pillorie for nothing in eightie eight, all the world knowes that: now let me dispatch you sir; *I* come to you *Preſenter.*

2 Faith the partie hath remou'd both bodie and cause with a *habeas corpus.*

Tan. Has he that knauerie? But has he put in baile aboue canst tell?

2 That *I* can assure your worship, he has not.

Tan. Why then thy best course shall be, to lay out more

more m oney, take out a *Procedendo*, and bring downe cauſe and him with a Vengeance.

2. Then he will come indeed.

Tan. As for other partie, let the *Audita querela* al one, take me out a ſpecall *Supplicanit*, which will coſt you enough, and then you pepper him. For the firſt partie after the *Procedendo* youle get coſt, the cauſe being found, youle haue a Iudgement, *Nunc pro Tunc*, youle get a *Venire facies* to warne your Iurie, a *Decem tales* to fill vp the number, and a *Capias vt Legatum* for your execution.

2 *I* thanke you my learned counſell.

Phœn. What a buſie Caterpiller's this? let's accoſt him in that maner:

Fid. Content my Lord.

Phœn. O my olde admirable fellow, how haue *I* all this while thirſted to ſalute thee, *I* knew thee in Octauo of the Duke.——

Tan. In Octauo of the Duke: *I* remember the yeere well.

Phœ. Bith maſſe a luſtie proper man.

Tang. Oh, was *I*?

Phœ. But ſtill in law:

Tang. Still in Law. *I* had not breath'd elſe now, tis very marrow, verie manna to me to be in law: ide beene dead ere this elſe: *I* haue found ſuch ſweet pleaſure in the vexation of others, that *I* could wiſh my yeares ouer and ouer agen, to ſee that fellow a Begger, that bawling Knaue a Gentleman: a matter brought 'een to a iudgement to day, as far as ere t'was to begin again to morrow: O *Raptures!* heere a writ of *Demur*, there a *Procendo*, heere a *Surſurrara*, there a *Capiendo*, Tricks, Delayes, Money-lawes.

Phœ, *Is* it poſſible olde Lad?

Tang. *I* haue beene a Tearme-trotter my ſelfe any time this fiue and fortie yeares, a goodly time and a gratious: in which ſpace *I* ha beene at leaſt fixteene times beggard, & got vp agen: and in the mire agen, that *I* haue ſtunke agen, and yet got vp agen.

Phœ. And ſo cleane and handſome now?

Tan. You ſee it apparantly, *I* cannot hide it from you: nay more,

more, in *fœlici hora* be it ſpoken, you ſee i'me old, yet haue I at this preſent, nine and twentie ſutes in Law.

Phœ. Deliuer vs man!

Tang. And all not worth forty ſhillings.

Phœ. May it be beleeu'd?

Tang. The pleaſure of man is all.

Phœ. An old fellow and ſuch a ſtinger.

Tang. A ſtake puld out of my hedge, theres one: I was wel beaten I remember, that's two: I tooke one a bed with my wife agen her will, that's three: was cal'd Cuckoid for my labour, that's foure: I tooke another a bed agen, that's fiue: then one cald me wittall that's the ſixe: he kild my Dog for Barking, ſeuen: my Maid Seruant was knockt at that time, eight: my wife miſcaried with a puſh, Nine, *& ſic de cæteris*, I haue ſo vext and beggerd the whole pariſh, with proceſſe, Suppœnas, and ſuch like moleſtations, they are not able to ſpare ſo much ready mony from a Tearme, 'as would ſet vp a new Weather-cocke: the Church-wardens are faine to goe to law with the Poores mony.

Phœ. Fie, fie.

Tang. And I ſo fetch vp all the men euery Tearme time that tis impoſſible to be at ciuill cuckoldry, within our ſelues, vnleſſe the whole country riſe vpon our wiues.

Fid. A my faith a prettie pollicie.

Phœ. Nay an excellent ſtratagem: but of all I moſt wonder at the continuall ſubſtance of thy wit, ſthat hauing had ſo many ſuits in law from time to time, thou haſt ſtill mony to relieue 'em.

Fid. Ha's the beſt fortune for that, I neuer knew him without.

Tan. Why doe you ſomuch wonder at that? why this is my courſe: my Mare and I come vp ſome fiue dayes before a Tearme.

Phœ. A good *Decorum*.

Tan. Here I Lodge as you ſee amongſt Innes, and places of moſt receit——

Phœn. Very wittily.

Tan. By which aduantage I diue into Country mens cauſes,

causes, furnish 'em with knauish counsell, little to their profit, buzzing into their Eares, this course, that writ, this office, that *Vltimum refugium*, as you know I haue words enow for the purpose.

Phœ. Enow a conscience yfaith.

Tang. Enow a law, no matter for conscience. For which busie and laborious sweating curtesie, they cannot chuse but feede me with mony, by which I maintaine mine owne suits: ho, ho, ho.

Phœ. Why let me hug thee, Caper in mine armes.

Tang. Another speciall tricke I haue, no body must know it, which is, to preferre most of those men to one Atturney whom I affect best, to answere which kindnesse of mine, he will sweat the better in my cause, and doe them the lesse good, tak't of my word, I helpt my Atturney to more Clients the last Tearme then hee will dispatch all his life time: I did it.

Phœ. What a noble memorable deed was there?

Enter Groome.

Groome. Sir. *Tang.* Now Sir.

Groome. Ther's a kind of captaine, verie robustiously enquires for you.

Tang. For me? a man of warre: a man of law is fit for a man of warre. we haue no leysure to say prayers: wee both kill a Sunday mornings: Ile not be long from your sweete companie. *Exit*

Phœ. O no I beseech you.

Fid. What captaine might this be?

Phœ. Thou Angell sent amongst vs, sober Law
Made with meeke Eyes, perswading Action,
No lowd immodest Tongue, voic'd like a virgin,
And as chaste from fault,
Saue onely to be heard, but not to raile.
How has abuse deform'd thee to all Eyes?
That where thy vertues sat, thy vices rise,
Yet why so rashly for one villaines fault
Doe I arraigne whole man? Admired Law,
Thy vpper parts must needes be sacred, pure,

And incorruptible, h'are graue and wiſe,
T'is but the droſſe beneath 'em, and the clowdes
That get betweene thy glorie and their praiſe,
That make the viſible and foule Eclipſe,
For thoſe that are neere to thee, are vpright,
As noble in their conſcience, as their birth,
Know that damnation is in euery bribe,
And rarely put it from 'em: rate the Preſenters,
And ſcourge 'em with fiue yeares impriſonment,
For offering but to tempt 'em.
Thus is true iuſtice exerciſde and vſde.
" Woe to the giuer when the Bribe's refuſde
Tis not their will, to haue law worſe then warre,
Where ſtill the poor'ſt die firſt,
To ſend a man without a ſheete to his graue,
Or burie him in his Paper.
Tis not their minde it ſhould be, nor to haue,
A ſute hang longer then a man in chaines.
Let him be nere ſo faſtned, they leaſt know
That are aboue, the tedious ſteps below.
I thanke my time, I doe.

Fid. I long to know what captaine this ſhould be:

Phœ. See where the Bane of euery cauſe Returnes:

Enter Tangle with Captaine.

Fid. S'ſoote tis the captaine my father in law, my Lord:

Phœ. Take heede.

Cap. The diuorſe ſhall reſt then, and the fiue hundred crownes ſhall ſtand in full force and vertue.

Tan. Then doe you wiſely Captaine.

Cap. A way ſayle, I fare thee well.

Tan. A luſtie cracke of winde goe with thee.

Cap. But ah!

Tan. Hah:

Cap. Remember a Scriuener.

Tan. Ile haue him for thee. Why thus am I ſought after by all profeſſions: heer's a weather beaten Captaine, who not long ſince new married to a Lady widow, would now faine haue ſued a Diuorce betweene her and him, but that her

her honestie is his onely hinderance: to be rid of which, he do's determine to turne her into white mony, and theres a Lord his Chapman has bid fiue hundred Crownes for her already.

Fid. How?

Tan. Or for his part, or whole in her.

Phœ. Why, do's he meane to sell his wife?

Tang His wife? I bith matse, hee would sell his soule if he knew what Merchant would lay out money vppon't, and some of'em haue neede of one, they sweare so fast.

Phœ. Why, I neuer heard of the like.

Tan. Non audiuisti, didst nere heere of that tricke? why Pistor a Baker sold his wife tother day to a cheesemunger, that made Cake and Cheese: another to a Coferer: a third to a common player: why you see tis Common: nere feare the Captaine, hee ha's not so much witte to be a præsident himselfe: I promisd to furnish him with an odde Scriuener of mine owne, to draw the bargaine, and sale of his Lady, your horses stand heere Gentlemen.

Phœ. I, I, I.

Tang. I shall be busily plung'd till towards bed time, aboue the chin in *profundis*. *Exit*

Phœ. What monstrous daies are these?
Not onely to be vicious, most men study,
But in it to be vgly, striue to exceed,
Each other in the most deformed deede.

Fid. Was this her priuate choice? did shee neglect
The presence and opinion of her friends, for this?

Phœ. I wonder who that one should be,
Should so disgrace that Reuerend Name of Lord,
So loathsomly to buy Adultery?

Fid. We may make meanes to know.

Phœ. Take courage man, weele beget some defence.

Fid. I am bound by nature.

Phœ. I by Conscience——To sell his Lady: indeed she was a Beast to marry him, and so hee makes of her, come, ile thorow now 'ime entred. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iewellers wife with a Boy.

Iew. Is my ſweete Knight comming, are you certaine hee's comming?

Boy. Certaine forſooth, I am ſure I ſaw him out of the Barbers ſhop, ere I would come away.

Iew. A Barbers ſhop, O hee's a trim Knight, would hee venture his body into a Barbers ſhop, when hee knowes tis as dangerous as a peece of Ireland: O yonder, yonder, hee comes, get you backe agen, and looke you ſay as I aduiz'de you. *Enter Knight.*

Boy. You know me miſtris?

Iew. My maske, my maske.

Knight. My ſweete Reuenewe!

Iew. My pleaſure welcome: I haue got ſingle, none but you ſhal accompany me to the Iuſtice of peace my Fathers.

Knight. Why, is thy Father Iuſtice of Peace, and I not know it?

Iew. My father! yfaith ſir I, ſimply tho I ſtand heere a Citizens wife: I am a Iuſtice of Peaces Daughter.

Knight. I loue thee the better for thy birth.

Iew. Is that your Lackey yonder, in the ſteakes of veluet.

Knight. Hee's at thy ſeruice my ſweete Reuenew, for thy money paide for e'm.

Iewe. Why then let him run a little before I beſeech thee, for a my troth he will diſcouer vs elſe.

Knight. He ſhall obey thee, before ſirrha, trudge: but do you meane to lye at your Fathers all night?

Iewel. Why ſhould I deſier your company elſe?

Knight. S'foot where ſhall I lye then.

Iewel. What an idle queſtion's that? why doe you thinke I cannot make roome for you in my Fathers houſe, as well as in my husbands, th'are both good for nothing elſe?

Knight. A man ſo reſolute in valour as a Woman in deſire, were an abſolute Leader. *Exeunt.*

Enter two ſuters with the Iuſtice Falſo.

1 May it plaſe your good worſhip maſter Iuſtice.

Falſ. Pleaſe me and pleaſe your ſelfe,
Thats my word.

1 The partie your worship sent for, will by no means be brought to appeare.

Fals. He will not, then what would you aduize me to doe therein?

1 Onely to grant your worships warrant, which is sufficient force to compell him.

Fals. No by my faith: you shall not haue me in that Trap: am I sworne Iustice of Peace, and shall I giue my warrant to fetch a man against his will? why there the peace is Broken, we must doe all quietly, if hee come hee's welcome, and as far as I can see yet, hee's a foole to be absent, I by this gold is he (which he gaue me this morning)

1 Why, but may it please your good worship——

Fals. I say agen please me and please your selfe, thats my word still.

1 Sir, the world esteemes it a Common fauour, vpon the Contempt of the partie, the justice to grant his warrant.

Fals I, tis so common, tis the worse agen, twere the better for me twere otherwise.

1 I protest Sir, and this Gentleman can say as much, it lyes vpon my halfe vndooing.

Fals. I cannot see yet, that it should be so——I see not a crosse yet.

1 I beseech your worship show me your immediate fauour, and accept this small trifle but as a remembrance to my succeeding Thankfulnes.

Fals. Angels? ile not meddle with them, you giue 'em to my wife not to me.

1 I, I, Sir.

Fals. But I pray tell me now, did the partie *Viua Voce*, with his owne mouth deliuer that contempt, that he would not appeare, or did you but iest int?

1 Iest? no a my troth Sir, such was his insolent answer

Fals. And doe you thinke it stood with my credit to put vp such an abuse? will he not appeare sayes he? *Ile* make him appeare with a Vengeance; *Latrunello:*

Latr. Do's your worship call?

Fals. Draw me a strong limbd warrant for the Gen-

tleman ſpeedily, he will be bountifull to thee: go & thanke him within.

1 I ſhall know your worſhip hereafter. *Exeunt.*

Falſ. I, I prethee doe. Two Angels one partie, foure another: and I thinke it a great ſparke of wiſdome and policie (if a man come to me for Iuſtice) firſt to know his greeſes by his fees, which bee light and which be heauie: hee may counterfeit elſe, and make me do Iuſtice for nothing: I like not that, for when I meane to be iuſt, let me be paide well for't: the deed ſo rare, purges the bribe: how now, what's the newes thou art come ſo haſtily? how fares my Knightly Brother?

Furt. Troth he nere farde worſe in his life ſir: he nere had leſſe ſtomacke to his meate ſince I knew him.

Falſ. Why ſir?

Furt. Indeede hee's dead ſir.

Falſ. How ſir?

Furt. Newly deceaſd I can aſſure your Worſhip: the Tobacco-pipe new dropt out of his mouth before I tooke horſe, ſhrewd ſigne: I know then there was no way but one with him, the poore pipe was the laſt man he tooke leaue of in this world, who fell in three peeces before him, and ſeem'd to mourne inwardly, for it lookt as blacke 'ith mouth as my maſter.

Falſ. Would hee die ſo like a Polititian, and not once write his minde to me?

Furt. No Ile ſay that for him ſir: hee dyed in the perfect ſtate of memorie, made your worſhip his full and whole executor: bequeathing his Daughter, and with her all his wealth, onely to your diſpoſition.

Falſ. Did he make ſuch a godly end ſaiſt thou? did he die ſo comfortably, and bequeath all to me?

Furt. Your neece is at hand ſir, ſhe will, and the witneſſes.

Falſ. What a precious ioy & comfort's this, that a Iuſtices brother can die ſo well, nay in ſuch a good and happie memorie, to make mee full executor. Well hee was too honeſt to liue, and that made him die ſo ſoone: now I beſhrew my heart, I am glad hee's in heauen, has left all his cares

and

cares and troubles with me, and that great vexation of telling of Money, yet I hope he had so much grace before he died to turne his white mony into gold, a great ease to his Executor.

Furt. See here comes your Neece my yong mistris sir.

Fals. Ah my sweete Neece, let me kisse thee, and drop a teare betweene thy lips: one teare from an old man is a great matter, the cockes of age are drie, thou hast lost a vertuous father, to gaine a notable vncle.

Neece. My hopes now rest in you next vnder heauen.

Fals. Let 'em rest, let 'em rest.

Gent. Sir?

Fals. Y' are most welcome ere ye begin sir.

Gen. We are both led by oath and dreadfull promise,
Made to the dying man at his last sence,
First to deliuer these into your hands,
The suerties and reuealers of his state.

Fals. Good.

Gent. With this his onely daughter and your Neece,
Whose fortunes are at your disposing set,
Vncle and father are in you both met.

Fals. Good yfaith, a well spoken Gentleman, y' are nor an Elquire sir? *Gent.* Not sir.

Fals. Not sir? more's the pitie: by my faith better men then you are, but a great many worse: you see I haue beene a Scholler in my time, tho I'me a Iustice now: Neece y' are most happily welcome, the charge of you is wholy & soly mine owne: and since you are so fortunately come Neece, Ile rest a perpetuall widower.

Neece. I take the meaning chaster then the words:
Yet I hope well of both, since it is thus,
His phraise offends least that's knowne humourous.

Fals. I make my brother (saies he) full and whole Executor, honestly done of him yfaith, seldome can a man get such a brother: and here againe saies hee, very vertuously, I bequeath all to him and his disposing: an excellen fellow a my troth, would you might all die no worse, Gentlemen.

Enter

Enter Knight with Iewellers wife.

Gen. But as much better as might be.

Kni. Bleſſe your vprightneſſe maſter *Iuſtice*,

Falſ. You'r moſt ſoberly welcome Sir: daughter y'aue that ye kneele for, riſe, ſalute your weeping coozen.

Iew. Weeping coozen? *Neece.* I coozen.

Kni. Eye to weeping is very proper, and ſo is the partie that ſpake it, beleeue me, a prettie, fine, ſlender ſtreight, delicate knit bodie.

Oh how it moues a pleaſure through our ſenſes!
How ſmall are womens waſtes to their expences?
I cannot ſee her face, that's vnder water yet.

Iew. Newes as cold to the heart as an old mans kindneſſe: my vncle dead?

Neece. I haue loſt the deereſt Father.

Falſ. If ſhee marry by your conſent, choyce and liking make her dowrie fiue thouſand crowns: hum fiue thouſand crownes? therefore by my conſent ſhee ſhall nere marrie, I will neither chuſe for her, like of it, nor conſent too't.

Kni. Now by the pleaſure of my blood a pretty coozen: I would not care, if I were as nere kin to her, as I haue beene to her kinſwoman.

Falſ. Daughter, what Gentleman might this be?

Iew. No Gentleman ſir, hee's a Knight.

Falſ. Is he but a Knight? troth, I would a ſworne had bin a Gentleman, to ſee, to ſee, to ſee.

Iew. Hee's my husbandsowne brother, I can tel you ſir:

Falſ. Thy husbands brother: ſpeake certainly prethee.

Iew. I can aſſure you father, my husband and he has laine both in one bellie.

Falſ. Ile ſweare then he is his brother indeed, and by the ſurer ſide: I craue heartie pardon ſweete kinſman that thou haſt ſtood ſo long vnſaluted in the way of kinred.

Welcome to my boord: I haue a bed for thee.
My daughters husbands brother ſhall command,
Keyes of my Cheſts and Chambers.——I haue ſtable for thy horſe, chamber for thy ſelfe, and a loft aboue for thy lowzie lackie, all fit, away with handkirchers, drie

vp

vp eies, at funerall wee muſt cry: now let's be wiſe. *Exeunt.*

Iew. I told you his affection. *Fal.* It fals ſweetly.

Iew. But here I barre you from all plots to night,
The time is yet too heauie to be light.

Kni. Why, I'me content, ile ſleepe as chaſt as you,
And wager night by night who keepes moſt true.

Iew. Well we ſhall ſee your temper. *Exeunt,*

Enter Phœnix and Fidelio.

Phœn. Feare not me Fidelio: become you that inuiſible Rope-maker the Scriuener, that binds a man as hee walks yet all his ioynts at libertie, aſwell as ile fit that common folly of Gentry, the eaſie-affecting venturer, and no doubt our purpoſe will arriue moſt happily.

Fid. Chaſt dutie my Lord works powerfully in me, and rather then the poore Ladie my mother ſhould fall vpon the common ſide of rumour to begger her name, I would not onely vndergoe all habits, offices, diſguiz'd profeſſions, tho ee'n oppoſite to the temper my blood holds: but in the ſtainleſſe quarrell of her reputation, alter my ſhape for euer.

Phœ. I loue thee wealthier, thou haſt a noble touch, and by this means which is the only ſafe means to preſerue thy mother from ſuch an vgly land and ſea-monſter as a counterfeit Captain is, he reſigning & baſely ſelling all his eſtate, title, right, and intereſt in his Ladie, as the forme of the writing ſhall teſtifie.
What otherwiſe can follow but to haue,
A Lady ſafe deliuered of a knaue;

Fid. I am in debt my life, to the free goodnes of your inuentions.

Phœn. Oh they muſt euer ſtriue to be ſo good,
Who ſels his vow is ſtampt the ſlaue of blood. *Exeunt*

Enter Captaine his Lady following him.

Cap. Away. *Lady.* Captaine, my husband:

Cap. Hence, we're at a price for thee, at a price, wants but telling, and the ſealing, then——

Lady. Haue you no ſence, neither of my good name or your owne credit?

Cap. Credit? pox of credit, that makes me owe ſo much: it had been better for me by a thouſand Royals I had loſt my credit ſeuen yeare ago, t'as vndone me, that's it that makes me flie: what neede I to ſea elſe, in the Spring time, when Woods haue leaues, to looke vpon balde Oake.

Happier that man ſay I, whom no man truſts,
It makes him valiant, dares outface the priſons,
Vpon whoſe carkaſſe no Gownde Rauen iets,
Oh he that has no credite owes no debts.
Tis time I were rid on't.

Ladie. Oh why doe you ſo wilfully cherriſh your own poyſon? and breath againſt the beſt of life, chaſt credit.
Well may I call it chaſt, for like a Maide
Once falſly broke it euer liues decaide.
O Captaine, husband, you name that Diſhoneſt,
By whoſe good power all that are honeſt liue,
What madneſſe is it to ſpeake ill of that,
Which makes all men ſpeake well, take away credite
By which men amongſt men, are well reputed,
That man may liue, but ſtill liues executed.
Oh then ſhew pittie to that noble Title,
Which elſe you doe Vſurpe: you'r no true Captaine,
To let your enemies lead you, foule diſdaine,
And euerlaſting Scandall, Oh beleeue it!
The money you receiue for my good name
Will not be halfe enough to pay your ſhame.

Cap. No, ile ſell thee then to the Smocke: ſee, heere comes my honourable Chapman.

Enter Porditor.

Lady. Oh my poyſon!
Him, whom mine honour and mine eye abhors.

Prod. Lady, what ſo vnioually departed?

Cap. Fine ſhee policie? ſhe makes my backe her Bolſter but before my face, ſhe not indure a him, Tricks.

Prod. Captaine, how haps it ſhe remou'd ſo ſtrangly?

Cap. Oh for Modeſties cauſe awhile my Lord: ſhee muſt reſtraine her ſelfe, ſhee's not yours yet:

Beſide

Beſide, it were not wiſdome to appeare,
Eae before my ſight, fah, wherefore ſerues modeſtie but to pleaſure a Lady now and then, and helpe her from ſuſpect, that's the beſt vſe tis put too.

Prod. Well obſerv'd of a Captaine.

Cap. No doubt youle be ſoone friendes my Lord.

Prod. I thinke no leſſe.

Cap. And make what haſt I can to my ſhip, I durſt wager you'l be vnder ſaile before me.

Prod. A pleaſant voyage Captaine.

Cap. I, a very pleaſant voyage as can be: I ſee the houre is Ripe, heere comes the Priſons Bawde, the bond-maker, one that bindes heires before they are begot.

Prod. And here are Crownes Captaine, goe, attend Let our bay Courſer waite.

Enter Phœni and Fidelio, both diſguized.

Lackey. It ſhall be obeyed.

Cap A Farmers ſonne, iſt true?

Fid Has crownes to ſcatter?

Cap. I giue you your ſalute ſir

Phœn. I take it not vnthankfully ſir.

Cap. I heare a good report of you ſir——y'aue money.

Phœn. I haue ſo, true.

Cap. An excellent vertue:

Phœ. I, to keepe from you——heare you me Captaine? I haue a certaine generous itch ſir, to looſe a few Angels in the way of profit: tis but a game at Tennis,
Where if the ſhip keepe aboue line, tis three to one.
If not, ther's but three hundred Angels gone.

Cap. Is your venture three hundred? y'are very pretiouſly welcome: heere's a voyage toward will make vs all.——

Phœ. Beggerly fooles, and ſwarming knaues.

Prod. Captaine, whats he?

Cap Feare him not my Lord, hee's a Gull, hee ventures with me, ſome filthy Farmers ſonne, the father's a Iew, and the ſonne a Gentleman: pha.——

Prod. Yet he ſhould be a Iew too, for he is new come from giuing ouer ſwine,

Cap. Why, that in our Countrey makes him a Gentleman.

Prod. Goe to, tell your mony Captaine.

Cap. Read aloft Scriuener. 1.2 ——

Fid. To all good and honeſt Chriſtian people, to whom this preſent writing ſhall come: know you for a certaine, that I Captaine, for and in the conſideration of the ſum of fiue hundred crownes, haue clearely bargained, ſolde, giuen, granted, aſſigned and ſet ouer, & by theſe preſents doe clearly bargaine, ſell, giue, grant, aſſigne and ſet ouer, all the right, eſtate, title, intereſt, demand, poſſeſſion, and tearme of years to come, which I the ſaid Captaine haue, or ought to haue. ——

Phœn. If I were as good as I ſhould be, ——

Fid. In and to Madona Caſtiza, my moſt vertuous, modeſt, louing, and obedient wife, —

Cap. By my troth my Lord and ſo ſhe is ——3.4.5.6.7.

Phœn. The more Slaue he that ſayes it, and not ſees it.

Fid Together, with all and ſingular thoſe admirable qualities with which her noble breſt is furniſht:

Cap. Well ſaid Scriuener, haſt put 'em all in: you ſhall heare now my L.

Fid. Inprimis, the beauties of her minde, chaſtitie, temperance and aboue all, patience:

Cap. You haue bought a Iewell yfaith, my Lord; nine and thirtie, fortie.

Fid. Excellent in the beſt of Muſicke, in voice delicious, in conference wiſe and pleaſing: of age contentfull, neither too young to be apiſh, nor too old to be ſottiſh.

Cap. You haue bought as lonely a penny-woorth my Lord, as ere you bought in your life.

Prod. Why ſhould I buy her elſe Captaine?

Fid. And which is the beſt, of a wife a moſt comfortable ſweet companion.

Cap. I could not affoord her ſo yfaith, but that I am going to ſea, and haue need of money.

Fid. A moſt comfortable ſweete companion.

Prod. What agen? the Scriuener reades in paſſion.

Fid. I read as the words moue me: yet if that be a fault

it

it ſhall be ſeene no more,——which ſaid *Madona Caſtiza* lying, and yet being in the occupation of the ſaid captaine.

Cap. Nineteene——occupation? Pox ont, out with occupation, a Captaine is of no occupation, man.

Phœn. Nor thou of no religion.

Fid. Now *I* come to the *Habendum*, to haue and to holde vſe and——

Cap. Vſe? put out vſe too for ſhame.
Till we are all gone, I prethee:

Fid. And to be acquited of & from all former bargaines, former ſailes.

Cap. Former ſailes, nine and twenty thirty, by my troth my Lord, this is the firſt time that euer I ſolde her

Prod. Yet the writing muſt run ſo Captaine.

Cap. Let it run on then, nine and fortie, fifty——

Fid. Former ſales, Gifts, Grants, Surrenders Reentryes.—

Cap. For Reentryes, I will not ſweare for her.

Fid. And furthermore (I the ſaid) of and for the conſideration of the ſumme of fiue hundred Crownes to ſet mee a boord, before theſe preſents vtterly diſclaime for euer, any Title, eſtate, right, intereſt, demand, or poſſeſſion, in or to the ſaid Madona Caſtiza, my late vertuous, and vnfortunate wife.

Phœ. Vnfortunate indeede, that was well plac'd.

Fid. As alſo neither to touch, attempt, moleſt, or incumber any part or partes whatſoeuer: either to bee namde or not to be namde: either hidden or vnhidden, either thoſe that boldly looke abroad, or thoſe that dare not ſhow their face.

Cap. Faces: I know what you meane by faces: Scriuener, there's a great figure in faces.

Fid. In witneſſe whereof I the ſaid Captaine, haue interchangeably ſet to my hand and ſeale: in preſence of all theſe, the day and date aboue written.

Cap. Very good ſir, ill be ready for you preſently, foure hundred and twentie. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5.——

Phœ. Of all deedes, yet this ſtrikes the deepeſt wound
Into my apprehenſion.

Reuerend, and honorable Matrimony,
Mother of lawfull ſweetes, vnſhamed mornings:
Danger leſſe pleaſures, thou that mak'ſt the bed,
Buth pleaſant, and legitimately fruitfull: without thee,
All the whole world were ſoyled Baſtardy.
Thou art the onely and the greateſt forme,
That put'ſt a difference betweene our deſires
And the diſordered appetites of Beaſtes.
Making their mates, thoſe that ſtand next their luſts,
Then,——with what baſe iniurie is thy goodnes paide
Firſt, rare to haue a Bride commence a Maide,
But do's beguile of ioy the puritie:
And is made ſtrickt by power of Drugs and Art,
An Artificiall Maide, a Doctord Virgin,
And ſo deceiues the glorie of his bed:
A foule contempt, againſt the ſporleſſe power
Of ſacred wedlocke, but if chaſt and honeſt,
There is another Deuill haunts marriage,
(None fondly loues but knowes it) Iealouſie,
That Wedlocks yellow ſicknes, that whiſpering ſeparation euerie minute.
And thus the curſſe takes his effect or progreſe,
The moſt of men in their firſt ſuddaine furies,
Rayle at the narrow bounds of mariage,
And cal't a priſon then it is moſt iuſt,
That the diſeaſe 'ath priſon, Iealouſie
Should ſtill affect a'm, but oh! here *I* am fixt,
To make ſale of a wife, monſtrous and foule,
An act abhord in nature, could in ſoule:
Who that ha's man in him, could ſo reſigne,
To make his ſhame, the poeſye to the Coyne?

Cap. Right yfaith, my Lord, fully fiue hundred,

Prod. *I* ſaid how you ſhould finde it Captaine, and with this competent ſumme you reſt amply contented.

Cap. Amply contented.

Fid. Heere's the Pen Captaine: your name to the ſale.

Cap. S'foote dooſt take me to be a pen-man?
I proteſt I could nere write more then A, B, C, thoſe three

three letters in my life.

Fid. Why thoſe will ſerue Captaine.

Cap. I could nere get furder.

Phœ. Would you haue got furder then A. B. C? ah Baſe Captaine, that's far enough yfaith.

Fid. Take the Seale off Captaine.

Cap. It goes on hardly, and comes off eaſily.

Phœ. I, iuſt like a Coward

Fid. Will you write witneſſe Gentleman?

Cap. Hee? he ſhall, prethe come and ſet thy hand for witneſſe Rogue, thou ſhalt venture with me?

Phœn. Nay, then I ha reaſon Captain, that commands me?

Cap. What a faire fiſt the pretty whorſone writes, as if he had had manners and bringing vp, a farmers Sonne: his Father dam's himſelfe to ſell muſtie Corne, while hee ventures the Money, twill proſper well at Sea no doubt, he ſhall nere ſee't agen.

Fid. So, Captaine you deliuer this as your deed.

Cap. As my deede, what elſe ſir?

Phœ. The ougliеſt deede that ere mine eye did witnes,

Cap. So my Lord, you haue her, clip her, enioy her, ſhee's your owne, and let me be proud to tell you now my Lord, ſhee's as good a ſoule if a man had a minde to liue honeſt, and keepe a wench, the Kindeſt, ſweeteſt, comfortableſt Rogue.

Prod. Harke in thine eare,
The Baſer ſlaue art thou: and ſo ile tell her,
I loue the Pearle, thou ſoldſt, hate thee the Seller———
Goe, to Sea, the end of thee———is Lowſie.

Cap. This fine worke: a verie braue end, hum———

Prod. Wel thought vpon, this Scriuener may furniſh me.

Phœ. Why ſhould this fellow be a Lord by birth?
Being by bloud a Knaue, one that would ſell
His Lordſhip if he likt her Ladyſhip.

Fid. Yes my Lord.

Phœ. What's here Now?

Prod. I haue imployment for a truſty fellow, bould, ſure———

Fid.

Fid. What if he be a Knaue my Lord?

Prod. There thou comst to me, why he should be so, and men of your quill are not vnacquainted.

Fid. Indeed all our chiefe liuing my Lord, is by fooles and knaues, we could not keepe open shop else: Fooles that enter into bands, and Knaues that binde e'm.

Prod. Why now we meete.

Fid. And as my memorie happily leades me. I know a fellow of a standing estate, neuer flowing: I durst conuey treason into his bosome,
And keepe it safe nine yeares.

Prod. A goodly Time.

Fid. And if neede were would presse to an attempt,
And cleaue to Desperate action.

Prod. That Last fits me.
Thou hast the measure right, looke I heare from thee.

Fid. With duteous speede.

Prod. Expect a large reward:
I will finde time of her to finde regard: *Exit.*

Cap. To end of me is lowzie.

Fid. Oh my Lord! *I* haue strange wordes to tell you.

Phœ. Stranger yet? ile chuse some other howre to listen to thee, I am yet sicke of this, discouer quickly.

Fid. Why, will you make your selfe known my Lord?

Phœ. I.
Who scourgeth sinne let him doo't dreadfully.

Cap. Pox of his dissemblance: *I* will to sea.

Phœ. Nay, you shall to sea, thou wouldst poyson the whole land else——why how now Captaine?

Cap. In health.

Fid. What, drooping?

Phœ. Or a shamde of the sale of thine owne wife?

Cap. You might count me an asse then yfaith.

Phœ. If not asham'd of that, what can you be ashamd of then?

Cap. Prethe ha done, I am asham'd of nothing.

Phœ. I easily beleeue that.

Cap. This Lord stickes in my stomacke.

Phœ. How

Phœn. How? take one of thy fethers downe, and fetch him vp.

Fid. Ide make him come.

Phœn. But what if the Duke ſhould heare of this?

Fid. I, or your Sonne in Law, Fidelio knowes of the ſale of his mother.

Cap. What and they did, I ſell none but mine owne, as for the Duke, hee's abroad by this time, and for Fidelio hee's in labour.

Phœn. Hee in labour?

Cap. What call you Trauelling?

Phœ. That's true: —— but let me tell you Captaine whether the Duke heare on't, or Fidelio know on't: or both, or neither, twa's a moſt filthie loathſome part.

Fid A baſe vnnaturall deede ——

Cap. Slaue and foole: —— ha, who? oh ——

Phœn. Thou hatefull villiane: thou ſhouldſt chuſe to (ſincke
To keepe thy baſenes ſhrouded.

Enter his Lady.

Fid. Ougly wretch.

Lady. Who hath laid violence vpon my husband? My deere ſweet Captaine, helpe ——

Phœ. Lady you wrong your value,
Call you him deere that has ſolde you ſo cheape?

Lady. I do beſeech your pardon good my Lord:

Phœ. Riſe.

Fid. My abuſed Mother:

Lady. My kinde Sonne,
Whoſe liking I neglected in this match:

Fid. Not that alone, but your far happier fortunes?

Cap. Is this the Scriuener and the Farmers Sonne,
Fire on his Lordſhip he tolde me they Trauaild,

Phœ. And ſee the ſumme tolde out to buy that Iewel
More pretious in a Woman then her eye, her honour:
Nay take it to you Lady, and I iudge it,
Too ſlight a recompence, for your great wrong, but that his riddance helpes it.

Cap. S'foot he vndoes mee, I am a Rogue and a Beggar,

The Ægyptian plague creepes ouer me alreadie,
I begin to be lowſie.

Phœ. Thus happily preuented, y'are ſet free,
Or elſe made ouer to adulterie.

Ladie. To heauen and to you my modeſt thankes.

Phœ. Monſter, to ſea, ſpit thy abhorred foame,
Where it may doe leaſt harme, ther's ayre and roome.
Thour't Dangerous in a Chamber, *Virulent Venom*
Vnto a Ladies name, and her chaſt breath
If paſt this euenings verge, the Dukedome hold thee,
Thou art reſeru'd for abiect puniſhment.

Cap. I doe beſeech your good Lordſhip conſider the ſtate of a poore, downe-caſt Captaine.

Phœ. Captaine, off with that noble title, thou becomeſt it vildely, I nere ſaw the name fit worſe, ile ſooner allow a Pander a Captaine then thee.

Cap. More's the pittie.

Phœ. Sue to thy Lady for pardon.

Lady. I giue it without ſuite.

Cap. I doe beſeech your Ladiſhip not ſo much for pardon, as to beſtow a few of thoſe Crownes vpon a poore vnfethered Rouer that will as truely pray for you, and wiſh you hangd, as any man breathing.

Lady. I giue it freely all.

Phœn. Nay by your fauour:
I will containe you Lady, here be gone:
Vſe ſlaues like ſlaues——wealth keepes their faults vnknowne,

Cap. Well 'ime yet glad, i'ue libertie and theſe:
The Land has plagu'd me, and ile plague the ſeas. *Exit.*

Phœ. The Sceane is cleer'd the bane of brightnes fled
Who ſought the death of honour, is ſtrucke dead:
Come modeſt Lady:

Fid. My moſt honeſt mother.

Phœ. Thy vertue ſhall liue ſafe from reach of ſhames,
That Act endes nobly, preſerues Ladies fames. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iuſtice, Knight, Iewel.

Falſ. Why this is but the ſecond time of your comming

Kinſman,

Kinſman, viſit me oftner, Daughter, I charge you bring this Gentleman along with you: Gentleman, I crie yee mercy ſir, I call you Gentleman ſtill: I forget y'are but a Knight, you muſt pardon me ſir.

Knight. For your worſhips kindnes—worſhip I crie you mercie ſir, I call you worſhipfull ſtill, I forget, y'are but a Iuſtice.

Falſ. I am no more yfaith.

Knig. You muſt pardon me ſir.

Falſ. Tis quickly done ſir, you ſee I make bould with you Kinſman, thruſt my Daughter and you into one Chamber.

Knight. Beſt of all ſir: Kinred you know may lye any where.

Falſ. True, true ſir, Daughter receiue your bleſſing—take heed the Coach iopper not to much, haue a care to the fruits of your body—looke to her Kinſman.

Knight. Feare it not Sir.

Iew. Nay Father though I ſay it, that ſhould not ſay it, he lookes to me more like a husband then a Kinſman.

Falſ. I heare good commendations of you Sir.

Knight. You heare the worſt of me I hope Sir,—I ſalute my leaue Sir.

Falſ. Y'are welcome all ouer your body Sir: nay, I can behaue my ſelfe courtly, though I keepe houſe 'ith Countrie: what, does my Neece hide herſelfe, not preſent, ha? Latronello:

Latro. Sir.

Falſ. Call my Neece to mee:

Latro. Yes Sir.

Falſ. A fooliſh, coy, baſhfull thing it is, ſhee's afraid to lie with her owne Vncleside do her no harme yfaith I keepe my ſelfe a widdower a purpoſe, yet the fooliſh Girle will not looke into't, ſhee ſhould haue all yfaith, ſhee knowes I haue but a time, cannot holde long, ſee where ſhee comes, pray who am I Neece?

Neece. I hope y'are your ſelfe: Vncle to me, and Brother to my Father.

Fals. Oh am I so, it do's not appeare so.—for surely you would loue your Fathers Brother for your Fathers sake, your Vncle for your owne sake.

Neece. I doe so.

Fals. Nay you doe nothing Neece.

Neece. In that loue which becomes you best I loue you.

Fals. How should I know that loue becomes me best?

Neece. Because tis chast, and honorable.

Fals. Honorable! it cannot become me then *Neece*,
For time scarce worshipfull: Is this an age,
To entertaine bare loue without the fruites?
When I receiu'd thee first, I look't
Thou shouldst haue beene a wife vnto my house
And sau'd me from the charge of marriage.
Do you thinke your Fathers fiue thousand pound would ha made me take you else? no, you should neere a ha beene a charge to me.
As far as I can perceiue yet by you,
I'ue as much neede to marrie as ere I had: would not this be a great griefe to your friends thinke you, if they were aliue agen?

Neece. Twould be a griefe indeede.

Fals. Y'aue confest.
All about house, that young Fidelio
Who in his Trauiles does attend the Prince,
Is your vowde loue.

Neece. Most true, hee's my vow'd Husband.

Fals. And what's a Husband, is not a Husband a stranger at first, and will you lye with a stranger before you lie with your owne Vncle? take heede what yee doe *Neece*, I counsell you for the best: strangers are drunken fellowes I can tell you, they will come home late a nights, beate their wiues, and get nothing but Girles: looke too't, if you marry your stubbernes is your Dowrie; fiue thousand Crownes were bequeathed to you, true, if you marry with my consent: but if ere you goe to marrying by my consent, ile goe to hanging by your's: goe too, bee wise, and loue your Vncle.

Neece.

Neece. I should haue cause then to repent indeede.
Do you so far forget the Offices
Of blushing modestie? Vncles are halfe Fathers,
Why they come so neare our bloods th'are ene part of it.

Fal. Why now you come to me Neece: if your Vncle be part of your own flesh & bloud, is it not then fit your owne and flesh blood shuld come neerest to you? answer me that Neece:

Neece. You doe allude all to incestuous will,
Nothing to modest purpose: turne me foorth,
Be like an Vncle of these latter daies,
Periurde enough, enough vnnaturall;
Play your Executorship, in Tyranny,
Restraine my fortunes, keepe me poore, I care not,
In this alone most women ile excell,
Ile rather yelde to beggery then to hell. *Exit.*

Fals. Very good, a my troth my Neece is Valiant, sha's made me richer by fiue thousand Crownes, the price of her Dowrie: are you so honest, I doe not feare but I shall haue the Conscience to keepe you poore enough Neece, or else I am quite altered a late——The Newes, may it please you sir?

Latron. Sir, theres an olde fellow, a kinde of Lawdriuer, entreates conference with your worship.

Fals. A Lawdriuer, prethee driue him hither.

Enter Tangle.

Tan. No, no I say, if it bee for defect of Apparance, take me out a speciall *Significauit*.

Whi. Verie good sir.

Tan. Then if he purchase an *Alias*, or *Capias*, which are Writs of custome, onely to delay time, your *Procedendo* do's you Knights seruice——that's nothing at all; get your *Distringas* out as soone as you can for a Iurie.

Whi. Ile attend your good worships comming out.

Tan. Doe I prethee, attend me, ile take it kindly. *a Voluntate.*

Fals. What, old Seigneur Tangle!

Tan. I am in debt to your worships remembrance.

Fals. My old master of Fence: come, come, I haue not

exercis'd this twelue Moones, I haue almoſt forgot all my Law-weapons.

Tang. They are vnder fine and Recouerie, your worſhip ſhall eaſily recouer them:

Falſ. I hope ſo: when there?

Latron. Sir.

Falſ. The Rapier and Dagger foyles inſtantly: and whats thy ſuite to me olde Tangle, ile grant it preſently.

Tangle. Nothing but this Sir, to ſet your worſhips hand to the commendation of a Knaue whom no body ſpeakes well on.

Falſ. The more ſhame for e'm, what was his offence I pray?

Tan. Veſtras Deducite Culpas——nothing but robbing a Veſtrie.

Falſ. What, what! alaſſe poore Knaue, giue me the Paper, he did but ſaue the Churchwardens a labour: come, come, he has done a better deed in't then the pariſh is aware of, to preuent the Knaues, he robs but ſeldome, they once a quarter: me thinks twere a part of good iuſtice, to hang e'm at yeares end, when they come out of their office, to the true terrifying of all Collectors and Sidemen.

Tan. Your worſhip would make a fruitefull Commonwealths man, the Conſtable lets e'm alone, looks on, and ſayes nothing.

Falſ. A laſſe good man, hee lets [e]'m alone for quietnes ſake, and takes halfe a ſhare with e'm: they know well enough too, he ha's an impediment in his tongue, hee's alwaies drunke when he ſhould ſpeake.

Tang. Indeede your worſhip ſpeakes true in that Sir: they blinde him with beere, and make him ſo narrow eyde, that he winks naturally at all their Knaueries.

Falſ. So ſo, heeres my hand to his commendations.

Tang. A Charitate, you doe a charitable deede in't ſir.

Falſ. Nay, if it be but a Veſtrie matter, viſit me at any time, olde Signeor Law thiſtle! O well done heere are the Foiles, come, come ſir, ile trie a Law-bout with you.

Tan. I am affraide I ſhall ouerthrow you Sir yfaith.

Falſ. Tis but for want of vſe then Sir.

Tan.

Tan. Indeed that ſame odde word Vſe, makes a man a good Lawyer, and a woman an arrant——tuh tuh, tuh, tuh, tuh, now am I for you Sir: but firſt to bring you into forme, can your worſhip name all your weapons?

Falſ. That I can I hope, let me ſee, *Long ſword*, what's Long-ſword? I am ſo duld with dooing iuſtice, that I haue forgot all yfaith.

Tan. Your long ſword, thats a writ of delay.

Falſ. Maſſe that ſwords long enough indeed, I ha known it reach the length of fifteene Tearmes.

Tan. Fifteene Tearmes, that's but a ſhort ſword.

Falſ. Me thinkes tis long enough, proceede Sir.

Tang. A *Writ of Delay*, *Long ſword.*

Scandala Magnatum, Backeſword.

Falſ. Scandals are back-ſwords indeede

Tang. *Capias cominus*, Caſe of Rapyers.

Falſ. Oh Deſperate!

Tan. A *Latitat*, ſword and Dagger.

Falſ. A writ of Execution, Rapier and Dagger.

Tan. Thou art come to our preſent weapon, but what call you ſword and Buckler then?

Falſ. Oh! that's out of vſe now, ſword and Buckler was cal'd a good conſcience, but that weapons left long agoe, that was too manly a fight, too ſound a weapon for theſe our dayes, ſi'id wee are ſcarce able to lift vp a Buckler now, our armes are ſo bound to the Poxe: one good bang vpon a Buckler would make moſt of our Gentlemen fly a peeces, tis not for theſe lintie times, our Lawyers are good Rapyer & Dagger men, theile quickly diſpatch your——money.

Tan. Indeede ſince ſword and buckler time, I haue obſerv'd, there ha's beene nothing ſo much fighting: where be all our gallant Swaggerers? there are no good frayes alate.

Falſ. Oh ſir, the properties altred, you ſhall ſee leſſe fighting euery day then other, for euery one gets him a Miſtris, and ſhe giues him wounds enowe, and you know, the Surgeon cannot be here & there too, if there were red woundes too, what would become of the Reiniſh woundes?

Tang. Thou ſaiſt true yfaith, they would be but ill fauouredly,

uouredly lookt to then.

Tang. Very well ſir.

Falſ. I expect you ſir.

Tang. I lye in this court for you ſir, my Rapyer is my Atturney, and my Dagger his Clarke.

Falſ. Your Atturney wants a little oyling, mee thinkes, he lookes very Ruſtily.

Tan. Tis but his proper colour ſir, his Father was an *Iremonger*, he will nere looke brighter, the ruſt ha's ſo eat into him, ha's neuer any leaſure to be made cleane.

Falſ. Not in the vacation.

Tan. *Non Vacat exiguis rebus adeſſe Ioui.*

Falſ. Then *Ioue* will not be at leaſure to ſcoure him, becauſe he nere came to him before.

Tan. Y'are excellent at it ſir—and now you leaſt thinke on't, *I* arreſt you ſir.

Falſ. Very good ſir.

Tan. Nay very bad ſir by my faith—*I* follow you ſtill, as the Officers will follow you as long as you haue a penny.

Falſ. You ſpeake ſentences ſir—by this time haue *I* tryed my friends, and now *I* thruſt in baile——

Tan. This baile will not be taken ſir, they muſt bee two Citizens that are no Cuckolds.

Falſ. Berlady then 'ime like to lye by it, *I* had rather twere a hundred that were.

Tan. Take heed *I* bring you not to an *Niſi prius* ſir.

Falſ. *I* muſt ward my ſelfe as well as *I* may ſir.

Tang. Tis Court day now, *Declarat Atturnatus*, my Atturney gapes for money.

Falſ. You ſhal haue no Aduantage yet, *I* put in my Anſwer.

Tang. *I* follow the ſute ſtill ſir.

Falſ. *I* like not this Court birlady—*I*: take me out a writ of Remoue, a writ of Remoue, doe you ſee ſir?

Tang. Very well ſir.

Falſ. And place my cauſe higher.

Tang. There you ſtarted me ſir--yet for all your *Demurres*, *Plures*, & *Surſuraers*, which are al Long-ſwords: that's delaies al the comfort is, in nine yeares a man may ouerthrow you.

Falſ. You muſt thanke your good friendes then ſir.

Tang.

Tan. Let nine yeares paſſe, fiue hundred crownes caſt away a both ſides, and the ſuite not twentie, my Counſellors wife muſt haue another hood you know, and my Atturnies wife wilhaue a new forepart, yet ſee at length law, I ſhal haue law: now beware, I bring you to a narrow exigent, and by no meanes can you auoide the Proclamation ——

Falſ. Oh!

Tan. Now followes a writ of execution, a *Capias, vt Legatum*, giues you a wound mortall, trippes vp your heeles, and layes you ith Counter.

Falſ. O Villaine!

Tan. I crie your worſhip heartily mercy Sir, I thought we had beene in Law together, *Aduerſarius contra aduerſarum* by my troth.

Falſ. Oh! reach me thy hand, I nere had ſuch an ouerthrow in my life.

Tang. Twa's long of your Atturney, there, hee might a ſtaide the execution of *Capias vt Legatum*, and remou'd you with a Superſeedea *non moleſtandũ*, into the Court of Equity.

Falſ. Pox on him, he fell out of my hand when I had moſt neede of him,

Tan. I was bound to follow the ſuite Sir.

Falſ. Thou couldſt doe no leſſe then ouerthrow me, I muſt needes ſay ſo.

Tang. You had recouered coſt elſe ſir:

Falſ. And now by'th maſſe I thinke I ſhall hardly recouer without coſt. (chargeable,

Tan. Nay, that's *Certo ſcio*, an execution is very

Falſ. Well, it ſhall teach me wit as long as I am a Iuſtice: I perceiue by this tryall, if a man haue a ſound fall in Law, he ſhall feele it in his bones all his life after,

Tan. Nay, that's *Recto* vpon Record, for I my ſelfe was ouerthrowne in eighty eight by a Taylor, and I haue had a Stitch in my ſide euer ſince, oh! *Exeunt*

Toward the cloſe of the muſick, the Iuſtices three men prepare for a robberie.

Enter Iuſtice Falſe, vntruſt.

Falſ. Why Latronello, Furtivo, Fucato where bee theſe lazie

lazie knaues that ſhould truſſe me, not one ſtirring yet?

A crie within. Follow, follow, follow.

Falſ. What newes there?

A cry. This way, this way, follow, follow.

Falſ. Harke you ſluggiſh Soporiferous villaines, ther's knaues abroad when you are a bed, are ye not aſham'd on't, a Iuſtices men ſhould be vp firſt, & giue example to al knaues.

Enter two of his men tumbling in, in Falſe beards.

Latro. Oh I beſeech your good worſhip.

Fuca. Your worſhipfull worſhip.

Fal. Theeues, my two hand ſword, ime rob'd 'ith Hal, Latronello, Knaues, come down, my two hand ſword I ſay.

Latron. I am Latronello, I beſeech your worſhip,

Falſ. Thou Latronello, thou lyeſt, my men ſcorne to haue beardes.

Latr. We forget our beards, now I beſeech your worſhip quickly remember vs.

Falſ. How now?

Fuc. Nay theres no time to talke of how now, tis don.

A cry. Follow, follow, follow.

Latro. Foure marke and a Liuerie is not able to keepe life and ſoule together, wee muſt flye out once a quarter; tis for your worſhips credit to haue money in our purſe, our Fellow Furtiuo is taken in the Action.

Falſ. A pox on him for a lazie knaue, would he be taken?

Fuc. They bring him a long to your worſhip, you're the next Iuſtice, now or neuer ſhow your ſelfe a good maſter, an vpright Magiſtrate, and deliuer him out of their hands.

Falſ. Nay, he ſhall finde me——apt enough to doe him good I warrant him.

Latro. He comes in a falſe beard Sir.

Falſ. S'foot what ſhould he doe here elſe? there's no comming to me in a true on: if he had one——the ſlaue to be taken: doe not I keepe Geldings ſwift enough?

Latron. The goodlyeſt Geldings of any Gentleman in the ſhire.

Falſ. Which did the whorſon knaue ride vpon?

Latron. Vpon one of your beſt Sir.

Fucat.

Fucat. Stand and deliuer.

Falſ. Vpon Stand and Deliuer: the very Gelding I chuſe for mine owne riding, as nimble as Pegaſus the flying horſe yonder: goe ſhift your ſelues into your coates, bring hither a great chaire, and a little table.

Fucat. Withall preſent ſpeede Sir.

Falſ. And Latronello.

Latro. I ſir.

Falſ. Sit you downe, & very ſoberly take the examination.

Latron. Ile draw a few horſe heads in a paper, make a ſhew: *I* hope *I* ſhall keepe my countenance.

Falſ. Pox on him agen, would he be taken? he frets me: *I* haue beene a youth my ſelfe, *I* ha ſeene the day *I* could haue told money out of other mens purſes (Maiſe ſo *I* can do now) nor will *I* keepe that fellow about me that dares not bid a man ſtand: for as long as drunkenneſſe is a vice, ſtand is a vertue, but *I* would not haue 'em taken. *I* remember now, betimes in a morning. *I* would haue peept through the greene boughs, and haue had the partie preſently, and then to ride away finely in feare, twas e'en Venerie to me yfaith, the pleaſanteſt courſe of life, one would thinke euery Woodcocke a Conſtable, and euery Owle an officer, but thoſe dayes are paſt with me: and a my troth *I* thinke *I* am a greater theefe now, and in no danger: *I* can take my eaſe, ſit in my Chaire, looke in your faces now, and rob you, make you bring your money by authoritie, put off your hat, and thanke me for robbing of you, O there is nothing to a theefe vnder Couert Barne,

Enter Phœnix, Fidelio being robd, Conſtable, Officers and the Theefe Furtivo.

Conſt. Come Officers bring him away.

Fal. Nay, *I* ſee thee through thy falſe beard, thou midwinde-chind Raſcall,
How now my Maſters, whats he? ha?

Con. Your worſhip knowes, *I* neuer come but *I* bring a theefe with me.

Falſ. Thou haſt left thy wontelſe Conſtable.

Phœn. Sir, wee vnderſtand you to be the onely vpright-

nes of this place.

Falſ. But I ſcarce vnderſtand you Sir.

Phœn. Why then you vnderſtand not your ſelfe Sir.

Falſ. Such another word, and you ſhal change places with the Theefe.

Phœ. A maintainer of equall cauſes I meane.

Falſ. Now I haue you, proceed Sir.

Phœ. This Gentleman and my ſelfe, being led heather by occaſion of buſineſſe, haue beene offered the diſcurteſie of the Country, ſet vpon by three theeues and rob'd.

Falſ. What are become of the other two, *Latronello*, and Fuca? *Latro.* Heere ſir.

Phœn. They both made away from vs, the crie purſues e'm, but as yet none but this taken.

Falſ. *Latronello.* *Latro.* Sir.

Falſ. Take his examination.

Latro. Yes Sir.

Falſ. Let the Knaue ſtand ſingle.

Furt. Thanke your good worſhip.

Falſ. Ha's beene a ſuter at Court ſure, he thankes mee for nothing.

Phœ. Hee's a Theefe now ſure.

Falſ. That we muſt know of him, what are you Sir?

Furt. A peece next to the Taile ſir——a Seruingman.

Falſ. By my troth a prettie phraſe and very cleanely handled, put it downe Latronello: thou mayſt make vſe on't. Is he of honour or worſhip whom thou ſerueſt?

Fur. Of both deere ſir, honourable in minde, and worſhipfull in bodie.

Falſ. Why would one wiſh a man to ſpeake better?

Phœ. Oh ſir, they moſt commonly ſpeak beſt, that do worſt.

Falſ. Say you ſo ſir, then weele try him farther——Do's your right worſhipfull maſter, goe before you, as an enſample of Vice, and ſo encourage you to this ſtinking iniquitie? he is not a Lawyer, is he?

Furt. Ha's the more wrong Sir, both for his conſcience, and honeſtie, he deſerues to be one.

Falſ. Pittie hee's a theefe yfaith, I ſhould entertaine him elſe.

Phœn.

Phœ. I, if he were not as hee is, hee would be better then himselfe.

Furt. No tis well known Sir, I haue a master, the very picture of wisdome.

Lat. For indeed he speakes not one wise word.

Furt. And no man but wil admire to heare of his Vertues.

Lat. Because he nere had any in all his life.

Fals. You write all downe Latronella:

Latr. I warrant you Sir.

Furt. So sober, so discrete, so iudicious:

Fals. Hum.

Furt. And aboue all, of most reuerent grauitie.

Fals. I like him for one qualitie, he speakes well of his master, he will fare the better:—Now sir, let me touch you.

Furt. I Sir.

Fals. Why, seruing a Gentleman of such worship and wisdome, such sobriety & vertue, such discretion & iudgement as your master is, doe you take such a beastly course, to stop horses, hinder Gentlewomen from their meetings, & make Citizens neuer ride but a Sundaies, only to auoyd Morning praier and you: is it because your worshipfull Ma. feeds you with leane spits, paies you with Irish mony, or clothes you in northern dozens?

Furt. Far be it from his mind, or my report, Tis wel known he kept worshipfull cheere the day of his wiues buriall, payes our foure markes a yeare as duly by twelue pence a quarter as can be.

Phœ. His wisdome swallowes it.

Furt. And for Northren dozens, fie, fie, we were nere troubled with so many.

Fals. Receiuing then such plenteous blessings from your vertuous and bountifull master, what cause haue you to be theefe now? answer me to that geere:

Furt. Tis ee'n as a man giues his minde too't Sir.

Fals. How Sir?

Furt. For alas, if the whole world were but of one trade, traffique were nothing: if we were all truemen, we should be of no trade: what a pittiful world wold heere be, heauen forbid we

ſhould be all truemen: then how ſhould your worſhips next ſuite be made? not a Tayler left in the land: of what ſtuffe would you haue it made? not a Merchant left to deliuer it; would your worſhip goe in that ſute ſtill? You would ha more theeues about you then thoſe you haue baniſht, & be glad to call the great ones home agen, to deſtroy the little.

Phœ. A notable Rogue.

Falſ. A my troth, a fine knaue, and ha's anſwered me glorioufly, what wages wilt thou take after thou art hang'd?

Furt. More then your worſhip's able to giue, I would thinke foule ſcorne to be a Iuſtice then.

Falſ. He ſayes true too yfaith, for we are all ful of corruption here, ——hearke you my friends.

Phœ. Sir.

Falſ. By my troth if you were no crueller then I, I could finde in my heart to let him goe.

Phœn. Could you ſo ſir, the more pittifull Iuſtice you

Falſ. Nay I did but to trie you, if you haue no pittie, Ile ha none, away hee's a Theefe, to priſon with him.

Furt. I am content ſir.

Falſ. I am content, bring him backe, nay then you ſhall not goe.

Fal. Ile be as cruel as you can wiſh: y'are content, belike you haue a tricke to breake priſon, or a bribe for the Officers.

Conſt. For vs ſir?

Falſ. For you Sir? what colour's ſiluer I pray, you nere ſaw mony in your life: Ile not truſt you with him Latronello & Fucato, lay hold vpon him, to your charge I cõmit him

Furt. Oh, I beſeech you Sir.

Falſ. Nay if I muſt be cruell, I will be cruell.

Furt. Good ſir, let me rather goe to priſon.

Falſ. You deſire that- Ile truſt no priſon with you, Ile make you lye in mine own houſe, or Ile know why I ſhall not.

Furt. Mercifull ſir.

Falſ. Since you haue no pittie I will be cruell.

Phœn. Very good Sir, you pleaſe vs well.

Falſ. You ſhall appeare to morrow ſirs.

Furt. Vpon my knees Sir.

Falſ. You ſhall bee hang'd out a th' way, away with him Latronello,

Latronello, and Fucato,——Officers I discharge you my
house, I like not your companie.
Report me as you see me, fire and fuell,
If men be Iewes, Iustices must be cruell: *Exeunt*
Phœn. So Sir, Extreames set off all Actions thus,
Eyther too tame, or else too tyranous:
He being bent to furie, I doubt now
We shall not gaine accesse vnto your loue or she to vs:
Fid. Most wishfully here she comes.
Enter Neece.
Phœ. Is that shee?
Fid. This is my Lord.
Phœ. A modest presence.
Fid. Vertue blesse you Ladie,
Neece. You wish me well Sir.
Fid. I'de first in charge this kisse, and next this paper,
You'le know the language, tis Fidelios.
Neece. My euer vowed loue, how is his health?
Fid. As faire as is his fauour with the Prince:
Neece. I'me sick with ioy, do's the Prince loue him so?
Fid. His life cannot requite it;
Not to wrong the remembrance of his loue,
I had a token for you, kept it safe,
Till by misfortune of the way this morning,
Theeues set vpon this Gentle man and my selfe,
And with the rest robd that.
Neece. Oh me, I'me deerely sorie for your chance, was it
your losse?
They boldly looke you in the face that rob'd you,
No farther villaines then my vncles men.
Phœ. What Ladie?
Neece. Tis my griefe I speake so true.
Fid. Why my Lady?
Phœ. But giue me pawsing Lady: was hee one that tooke
the examination;
Neece. One and the chiefe.
Phœ. Hence-forth hang him that is no way a theefe,
Then few will suffer,——nay all the iest was, hee com-
mitted

mitted him to the charge of his fellowes, and the rogue made it lamentable, cryed to leaue 'em.
None liue ſo wiſe but fooles may once deceiue em?
Fid. An Vncle ſo inſaciate?
Phœ. I iſt not ſtrange too,
That al ſhuld be by nature vicious, & he bad againſt nature?
Neece. Then you haue heard the ſum of all my wrongs.
Phœ. Lady, we haue, and deſire rather now
To heale 'em, then to heare 'em.
For by a letter from Fidelio
Direct to vs, we are entreated ioyntly,
To haſten your remoue, from this foule den,
Of theft and purpos'd inceſt:
Neece. I reioyce in his chaſt care of me, Ile ſoone be furniſht
Fid. He writes that his returne cannot be long.
Neece. I'me chiefly glad,—but whither is the place?
Phœ. To the ſafe ſeate of his late wronged mother.
Neece. I deſire it,—her conference will fit mine, well you preuaile.
Phœ. At next groue weele expect you:
Neece. Ile not faile *Exeunt.*

Enter Knight and Ieweller.

Knight It ſtands vpon the frame of my reputation I proteſt Lady.
Iewel. Lady, that word is worth an hundred Angels at all times for it coſt more, if I liue till to morrow night, my ſweete pleaſure thou ſhalt haue them.
Kni. Could you not make 'em a hundred and fiftie thinke you?
Iew. Ile doe my beſt endeuour to multiply, I aſſure you.
Kni. Could you not make 'em two hundred?
Iew. No by my faith.———
Kni. Peace, ile rather be confin'd in the hundred and fifty:
Iew. Come ee'n much about this time, when Tauerns giue vp their Ghoſts, and Gentlemen are in their firſt caſt.——
Knig. Ile obſerue the ſeaſon.
Iew. And doe but whirle the Ring a'th doore once about, my maid-ſeruant ſhall be taught to vnderſtand the language

Kni.

Kni. Inough my ſweet Reuenew.
Iew. Good reſt my effectuall pleaſure: *Exeunt.*

Enter Proditor, and Phœnix.

Prod. Come hither Phœnix.
Phœ. What makes your honour breake ſo early?
Prod. A toy, I haue a toy. *Phœ.* A toy my Lord.
Prod. Before thou layeſt thy wrath vpon the duke.—— be aduiz'd. *Phœn.* I, I, I warant you my Lord.
Prod. Nay, giue my words honour, heare me,
Ile ſtriue to bring this Act into ſuch forme,
And credite amongſt men, they ſhall ſuppoſe,
Nay verily beleeue, the Prince his ſonne,
To be the plotter of his Fathers murther.
Phœ. Oh that were infinitely admirable!
Prod. Wert not, it pleaſeth me beyond my bliſſe:
Phœ. Then if his ſonne meet death as he returnes,
Or by my hired Inſtruments turne vp,
The generall voyce will crie——O happy vnegeance!
Phœ. O bleſſed vengeance! *Prod.* I, ile turne my braine
Into a thouſand vſes, Tire my inuentions,
Make my blood ſicke with ſtudie, and mine eye
More hollow then my heart, but I will faſhion,
Nay I will faſhion it,——Canſt counterfet?
Phœn. The Princes hand, more truly, moſt direct,
You ſhall admire it. *Prod.* Neceſſarie miſchiefe.
Next to a woman, but more cloſe in ſecrets
Thou'rt all the kinred that my breaſt vouchſafes,
Looke into mee anon,——I muſt frame, and muſe, and faſhion—— *Exit.*
Phœ. Twas time to looke into thee, in whoſe heart
Treaſon growes ripe, and therefore fit to fall,
That ſlaue firſt ſinkes, whoſe enuie threatens all,
Now is his Venom at full height. *Voices within.*
1. *Voic.* Lying, or being in the ſaid Countie in the Tenor and occupation aforeſaide.
2 *Voyce.* No more then, a writ of courſe vpon the matter of—— 3. *Voyce.* Silence.
4. *Voyce.* Oho-o-o-yes *Carlo Turbulenzo*, appeare or looſe twentie marke in the ſuites.

Phœn. Ha? whither haue my thoughts conueyed me? I am now within the Dizzie murmur of the law.

1 *Voice.* So that then, the cause being found cleere, vpon the last Citation.

4 *Voice. Carlo turbulenzo,* Come into the Court.

Enter Tangle with two after him.

Tang. Now, now, now, now, now, vpon my knees I praise Mercury the God of law, I haue two suits at issue, two suites at issue. 1. Doe you heare sir?

Tan. I will not heare, I ue other busines.

1 I beseech you my learned Counsell.

Tan. Beseech not me, beseech not me, I am a mortall man a Clyent as you are, beseech not me.

1. I would doe all by your worships direction.

Tan. Then hang thy selfe.

2 Shall I take out a speciall *supplicavit.*

Tang. Mad me not, torment me not, teare me not, youle giue me leaue to heare mine own cause, mine owne cause,

1: *Voice.* Nay moreouer, and farder——

Tang. Well said my Lawyer, well said, well said.

1 *Voice.* All the opprobious speeches that man could inuent, all malicious inuectiues, called Wittoll to his face.

Tan. Thats I, thats I, thanke you my learned Counsell for your good remembrance: *I* hope *I* shall ouerthrow him horse and foote. 1. Nay but good sir.

Tan. No more sir, he that brings me happy newes first ile releeue first.

Both. Sound executions rot thy cause and thee. *Exeunt:*

Tan. I, I, I, pray so still, pray so still, theile thriue the better.

Phœ. I wonder how this fellow keepes out madnes? What stuffe his braines are made on?

Tang. I suffer, *I* suffer,—till *I* here a iudgement.

Phœ. What old Signior?

Tang. Prethee *I* will not know thee now, tis a busie time, a busie time with me.

Phœn. What not me seigneur?

Tang. Oh crie thee mercie, giue me thy hand—fare thee well,—ha's no relefe agen me then—his demurs will not helpe him, his *Surfuraries* wil but play the knaue with him.

Enter

Enter Iustice False.

Phœn. The Iustice: tis he

Fals. Haue I found thee yfaith? I thought where I should smell thee out old Tangle.

Tan. What old signeur Iusticer,—embrace mee another time and you can possible: how do's all thy wiues children,——well? that's well said yfaith.

Fals. Heare me olde Tangle.

Tang. Prethee doe not rauish me, let me goe.

Fals. I must vse some of thy counsaile first.

Tan. Sirrah, I ha brought him to an Exigent, harke that's my cause, thats my cause, yonder I twind'g him, I twind'g him. *Fals.* My Neece is stolne away.

Tang. Ah get me a *ne exeat Regno*, quickly, nay you must not stay vpon't, ide faine haue you gone.

Fals. A *ne exeat Regno*, ile about it presently,——adue:

Phœ. You seeke to catch her Iustice, sheele catch you.

1 A iudgement, a iudgement. *Enter* 1.

Tang. What, what, what?

1 Ouerthrowne, ouerthowne, ouerthrowne.

Tan. Ha, a, a.

2 Newes, newes, newes: *Enter* 2.

Tan. The diuell, the diuell, the diuell.

2 Twice Tangle's ouerthrown, twice Tangles ouerthrown

Tan. Holde:

Phœn. Now olde cheater of the Law,

Tang. Pray giue me leaue to be madde.

Phœ. Thou that hast found such sweete pleasure in the vexation of others:

Tan. May I not be mad in quiet?

Phœ. Very Marrow, very manna to thee to be in law.

Tangle. Very sirrop of Toades, and perseru'd Adders:

Phœ. Thou that hast vext, and beggerd the whole Parish, and made the honest Churchwardens goe to Law with the poores money.

Tan. Heare me, do but heare mee, I pronounce a terrible, horrible curse vpon you all—and wish you to my Attorney: see where a *Braunnire* comes, a *Dedimus potestatem*, and

and that moſt Dreadfull Execution, *Excommunicato Capiendo*, there's no baile to be taken, I ſhall rot in fifteene Iayles: make Dice of my bones, and let my Counſellors Sonne play away his Fathers money with 'em, may my bones reuenge my quarrell!—*A Capias Cominus* heere, heere, heere: quickly dip your Quilles in my blood, off with my skin & write fourteene lines of a ſide——there's an honeſt conſcionable fellow, he takes but ten ſhillinges of a Bellowes-mender—heere's another deales all with charitie. you ſhall giue him nothing, onely his wife an embrodered Pettycoate, a golde frindge for her taile, or a border for her head, ah ſirrha I you ſhall catch mee no more in the ſprindge of your Knaueries.

Exeunt.

1 Follow, follow him ſtill, a little thing now ſets him forward.

Phœ. None can except againſt him, the mans mad,
And priuiledged by the Moone, if he ſay true:
Leſſe madnes tis to ſpeake ſinne, then to doe.
This wretch that lou'd before, his foode, his ſtrife,
This puniſhment falles euen with his life.
His pleaſure was vexation, all his bliſſe,
The torment of another.
Their heart, his health: their ſtarued hopes his ſtore,
Who ſo loues Law, dies either mad or poore.

Enter Fidelio.

Fid. A miracle, a miracle!

Phœ. How now *Fidelio*?

Fid. My Lord a miracle!

Phœ. What iſt?

Fid. I haue found
One quiet, ſuffering, and vnlawyer'd man:
An oppoſit, a very Contrary
To the old turbulent fellow.

Phœ. Why hee's mad.

Fid. Mad, why he is in his right wits, could he be madder then he was, if he be any way altered from what he was, tis for the better, my Lord.

Phœ. Well, but where's this wonder?

Fid.

Fid. Tis comming my Lord: A man so truely a man, so indifferently a creature, vsing the world in his right nature but to tread vpon, one that would not bruse the cowardlyest enemy to man, the worme, that dares not show his malice till we are dead: nay my Lord, you will admire his temper I see where he comes,
I promisd your acquaintance, Sir. *Enter Quieto.*
Yon is the Gentleman I did commend for Temper,

Quie. Let me embrace you simply,
That's perfectly, and more in heart then hand:
Let affectation keepe at Court.

Phœ. I, let it.

Quie. Tis told me you loue quiet

Phœn. Aboue wealth.

Quie. I aboue life: I haue beene wilde and rash
Committed many and vnnaturall crimes,
Which I haue since repented.

Phœn. Twas wel spent:

Qui. I was mad, starke mad, nine yeares together.

Phœn. I pray! as how?

Qui. Going to law, yfaith it made me mad:

Phœn. With the like frenzie not an houre since
An aged man was strucke.

Qui. A lasse I pittie him.

Phœ. Hee's not worth pittying, for twa's still his gladnes to be at variance.

Qui. Yet a mans worth pittie,
My quiet blood ha's blest me with this gift,
I haue cur'd some, and if his wits be not
Too deepely cut, I will assay to helpe e'm.

Phœ. Sufferance does teach you pittie.

Enter his Boy.

Boy. O Master, Master, your abhominable next neighbor came into the house, being halfe in drinke, and tooke away your best Carpet.

Qui. Has he it?

Boy. Alasse sir:

Qui. Let him goe, trouble him not, locke the doore quietly,

etly after him, and haue a safer care who comes in next.

Phœ. But sir, might I aduize you, in such a cause as this a man might bouldly, nay with conscience goe to Law.

Qui. Oh, ile giue him the table too first.
Better indure a fist then a sharpe sword: I had rather they should pull off my cloathes then flea off my skin, and hang that on mine enemies hedge.

Phœ. Why, for such good causes was the law ordaind:

Qui. True, and in it selfe tis glorious and diuine,
Law is the very Master-peece of heauen:
But see yonder.
Ther's many Clowdes betweene the sunne and vs,
There's too much cloath before we see the Law:

Phœ. I'me content with that answere, be milde still,
Tis honour to forgiue those you could kill.

Quie. There do I keepe.

Phœ. Reach me your hand, I loue you,
And you shall know me better.

Quie. Tis my sute.

Phœ. The night growes deepe——and——

Enter two Officers.

1 *Off.* Come away, this way, this way.

Phœ. Who be those? stand close a little.

Iars the Ring of the Doore, the Maide enters, catches him.

Maid. Oh, y'are come as well as ere you came in your life, my Master's new gone to bed, giue me your Knightly hand, I must leade you into the blind Parlor, my Mistris will be downe to you presently.

Takes in Phœnix, amazde;

1 *Off.* I tell you our safest course will bee to arrest him when he comes out a'th Tauerne: for then he will be halfe drunke, and will not stand vpon his weapon.

2 Our safest course indeede, for hee will draw.

1 That he will, though he put it vp agen, which is more of his courtesie, then of our deseruing. *Exeunt.*

Qui. The world is nothing but vexation,
Spite and vncharitable Action.

Fid.

Fid. Did you see the Gentleman?

Quie. Not I.

Fid. Where should he be, it may be hee's past by, Good sir, lets ouertake him. *Exeunt*

Enter Phœnix with the Maide.

Maid. Here Sir, now you are there sir, sheele come downe to you instantly, I must not stay with you, my Mistris would be iealous, you must doe nothing to me, my Mistris would finde it quickly. *Exit.*

Phœ. S'foot whether am I led? brought in byth hand? I hope it can bee no harme to stay for a woman, tho indeed they were neuer more dangerous, I haue ventured heather-to and safe, and I must venture to stay now, this should be a faire Rome, but I see it not, the blinde Parlor cal's shee it?

Enter Ieweller.

Iew. Where art thou, O my Knight!

Phœ. Your Knight, I am the Dukes knight.

Iew. I say you'r my Knight, for I'me sure I paid for you

Phœ. Paid for you hum,——S'foot a light,——

Iew. Now out vpon the Marmoset, hast thou seru'd me so long, and offer to bring in a Candle?

Phœ. Faire Roome, villanous face, and worse woman, I ha learnt something by a glimpse ath Candle:

Iewel. How hapned it you came so soone, I lookt not for you these two howers: yet as the sweete chance is, you came as well as a thing could come, for my husband's newly brought a bed:

Phœ. And what ha's Ioue sent him?

Iew. Hee nere sent him any thing since I knew him, hee's a man of a bad nature to his wife, none but his Maides can thriue vnder him.

Phœ. Out vpon him.

Iew. I, iudge whether *I* haue a cause to be a Curtezan or no? to doe as I doe, an elderly fellow as he is, if he were marryed to a yonng Virgin, hee were able to breake her heart, tho he could breake nothing else: here, here, there's iust a hundred and fifty, but *I* stole e'm so hardly from him, twold ee'ne haue grieu'd you to haue seene it. *Phœ.* So twould y'faith.

Iew.

Iew. Therefore prethee my ſweete pleaſure, do not keepe company ſo much, how do you think I am able to maintain you? though I be a Iewellers wife, Iewells are like women, they riſe and fall, we muſt be content to looſe ſometimes, to gaine often, but you'r content alwaies to looſe, and neuer to gaine: what need you ride with a Footeman before you?

Phœn. Oh thats the grace,

Iew. The grace? tis ſufficient grace that you haue a Horſe to ride vpon, you ſhuld think thus with your ſelf euery time you go to bed if my head were laid, what would become of that horſe? he would runne a bad race then as well as his Maſter.

Phœ. Nay, and you giue me money to chide me: ——

Iew. No, if it were as much more, I would thinke it foule ſcorne to chide you, I aduiſe you to bee thrifty, to take the time now, while you haue it, you ſhal ſildome get ſuch another foole as I am, I warrant you: why there's Mettrezza Auriola keeps her loue with halfe the coſt that I am at, her friend can go a foot like a good Husband, walke in woſted Stockings, and enquire for the Six-penny ordinary.

Phœ. Pox on't, and would you haue me ſo baſe?

Iew. No, I would not haue you ſo baſe neither: but now and then, when you keepe your Chamber, you might let your Footeman out for eighteen pence a day, a great releeſe at yeares end I can tell you.

Phœ. The age muſt needs be foule when vice reformes it.

Iew. Nay, I'ue a greater quarrell to you yet.

Phœ. Y faith, what iſt?

Iew. You made me beleeue at firſt the Prince had you in great eſtimation, and would not offer to Trauaile without you, nay, that he could not trauaile without your Direction and intelligence.

Phœ. I'me ſorrie I ſaid ſo y faith, but ſure I was ouer-flowen when I ſpoke it, *I* could nere ha ſaid it elſe.

Iew. Nay more, you ſwore to me, that you were the firſt that taught him to ride a great horſe, and tread the Ring with agilitie.

Phœ. By my troth *I* muſt needes confeſſe *I* ſwore a great lye in that, and *I* was a villain to doe it, for *I* could nere

nere ride great horſe in my life.

Iew. Why loe, who would loue you now but a Citizens wife? ſo inconſtant, ſo forſworne: you ſay women are falſe Creatures, but take away men, and thei'd be honeſter then you-Nay laſt of all, which offends me moſt of all, you tolde me you could countenance me at Court, & you know we eſteem a friend there, more worth then a Husband heere.

Phœ. What I ſpake of that, Lady, ile maintaine.

Iew. You maintaine? you ſeene at court?

Phœ. Why by this Diamond——

Iew. Oh take heed, you cannot haue that, tis alwaies in the eye of my husband.

Phœn. I proteſt I will not keepe it, but onely vſe it for this vertue, as a token to fetch you, and approue my power, where you ſhall not onely be receiued, but made knowne to the beſt and chiefeſt.

Iew. Oh are you true?

Phœ. Let me looſe my Reuenew elſe.

Iew. That's your word indeede, and vpon that condition take it, this kiſſe and my loue for euer.

Phœn. Ynough.

Iew. Giue me thy hand, ile leade thee foorth.

Phœn. I'me ſicke of all profeſſions, my thoughts burne: He trauailes beſt, that knowes when to returne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Knight, two officers after him.

Knight. Adue, farwell, to bed you, I to my ſweete Citie-bird, my precious Reuennew, the very thought of a hundred and fiftie Angels, encreaſes Oyle and Spirit, hot.

1. *Off.* I arreſt you ſir.

Knig. Oh.

1 *Off.* You haue made vs waite a goodly time for you, haue you not thinke you? you are in your Rowſes & Mulwines a poxe on you: and haue no care of poore Officers ſtaying for you.

Kni. I drunk but one health I proteſt, but I could void it now: at whoſe ſute I pra'y?

1 *Off.* At the ſute of him that makes ſuits, your Taylor,

Kni. Why, he made me the laſt, this, this that I weare

1 *Off.* A notable Lad, and worthy to be arreſted: weele haue but ten for wayting, and then thou ſhalt chuſe whether thou wilt runne away from vs, or we from thee.

Knight. A match at running, come, come, follow me.

2 *Off.* Nay, feare not that.

Kni. Peace, you may happen to ſee toyes, but doe not ſee e'm.

1 *Off.* Pah.

Knight. Thats the Doore.

1 *Off.* This?—*knockes.*

Knight. Sfoote Officer you haue ſpoilde all already?

1 *Off.* Why?

Knight. Why? you ſhall ſee, you ſhould haue but whirld the ring once about, and there's a Maid ſeruant brought vp to vnderſtand it.

Maide. Whoſe at doore?

Knight. Als well againe: phiſt, tis I, tis I:

Maide. You, what are you?

Kni. Pub, where's thy miſtris?

Maide. What of her?

Kni. Tell her One, ſhe knows who, her *Pleaſure's* heer, ſay,

Maid. Her *Pleaſure?* my miſtris ſcornes to be without her pleaſure at this time of night: is ſhee ſo voide of friendes thinke you? take that for thinking ſo: *a Boxe*

1 *Off.* The hundred and fifty Angells are lockt vp in a Boxe, we ſhall not ſee e'm to night.

Knight. Howe's this? am I vide like a hundred pound Gentleman? Do's my Reuennew forſake mee? Dam mee if euer I bee her pleaſure agen.——— Well I muſt to priſon.

1 *Off.* Goe prepare his roome, there's no remedie, ile bring him along, hee's tame enough now.

Kni. Dare my Tailor preſume to vſe me in this ſort? He ſteales and I muſt lie in priſon for't.

1 *Off.* Come away Sir.

Enter

Enter a Gentleman with a Drawer.

Gent. Art ſure thou ſaweſt him areſted Drawer:

Drawer. If mine eyes be ſober.

Gent. And that's a queſtion, Maſſe here hee goes, hee ſhall not goe to priſon, I haue a tricke ſhall baile him—away.

1. *Off.* Oh! *Blinds the officer.*

Gent. Geſſe, geſſe, who am I? who am I?

1 *Off.* Who the Diuell are you? let goe——— a Poxe on you, who are you? I haue loſt my priſoner.

Gent. Priſoner: I'ue miſtooke, I crie you heartily mercy, I haue done you infinite iniurie, a my troth I tooke you to be an honeſt man.

1 *Off.* Where were your eyes? could you not ſee I was an Officer, ſtop, ſtop, ſtop, ſtop.

Gent. Hah, hah, hah, ha: *Exeunt.*

Enter Proditor and Phœnix.

Prod. Now Phœnix.

Phœ. Now my Lord:

Prod. Let princely blood
Nouriſh our hopes, we bring confuſion now.

Phœn. A terrible ſuddaine blow.

Prod. I: what day is this hangs ouer vs?

Phœn. Bith Maſſe Monday.

Prod As I could wiſh: my purpoſe will thriue beſt.
T'wa's firſt my birth day, now my fortunes day,
I ſee whom fate will raiſe needes neuer pray.

Phœn. Neuer.

Prod. How is the ayre?

Phœ. Oh full of trouble?

Prod. Do's not the skie looke pittiouſly blacke?

Phœ. As if twere hung with Rich mens Conſciences.

Prod. Ah, Stucke not a Comet like a Carbuckle
Vpon the dreadfull brow of Twelue laſt night?

Phœ. Twelue, no twa's about one.

Prod. About one, moſt proper, for thats the Duke.

Phœ. Well ſhifted from thy ſelfe.

Prod. I could haue wiſht it betweene one and two Hisſonne and him.

Phœ. Ile giue you comfort then.

Prod. Prethee.

Phœ. There was a villanous Rauen ſeene laſt night,
Ouer the preſence chamber in hard Iuſtle
With a yong Eglet.

Prod. A Rauen! that was I, what did the Rauen?

Phœ. Mary my Lord the Rauen——to ſay truth,
I left the combat doubtfull.

Prod. So tis ſtill,
For all is doubt, till the deed crowne the will,
Now bleſſe thy loynes with Freedome, wealth & honour,
Thinke all thy ſeede young Lords, and by this Act;
Make a foot-cloathd poſteritie: now imagine,
Thou ſeeſt thy Daughters with their traines borne vp,
Whom elſe deſpiſed want, may curſe to whoredom,
And publike ſhames, which our ſtate neuer threate,
Shee's neuer lew'd, that is accounted great.

Phœn. Ile alter the Court-Axiom, thus renew'd,
Shee's neuer great, that is accounted lewde.

Prod. Stand cloſe, the preſence fils, heere, heere the place,
And at his rizing, let his fall be baſe,
Beneath thy foote.

Phœ. How for his Guard my Lord?

Prod. My golde and feare keepes with the chiefe of them,

Phœ. That's rarely well.

Prod. Bould heedleſſe ſlaue, that dares attempt a deede which ſhall in peeces rend him: my Lords both.

Enter Luſurioſo, and Infoſto two Lords.

Luſ. The happineſſe of the day.

Phœ. Time my returning,
Treaſons haue ſtill the worſt, yet ſtill are ſpurning.

Prod. The Duke!

Phœ. I nere was gladder to behold him.

Prod.

Prod. All. Long liue your Grace.

Duke. I do not like that ſtraine,
You know my age affoords not to liue long.

Prod. Spoke truer then you thinke for.

Duke. Beſtow that wiſh vpon the Prince our Sonne.

Phœ. Nay, hee's not to liue long neither,

Prod. Him as the wealthy Treaſure of our hopes,
You as poſſeſſion of our preſent Comfort,
Both in one heart, we reuerence in one.

Phœ. Oh Treaſon of a good complexion. *Horn winded.*

Enter Fidelio.

Duk. How now, what freſher newes ſils the Courts eare?

Prod. Fidelio!

Fid. Glad Tydings to your Grace,
The prince is ſafe return'd, and in your Court.

Duk. Our ioy breakes at our eyes, the Prince is come!

Prod. Soule quicking newes-pale vengeance to my blood!

Fid. By me preſenting to your ſerious view,
A briefe of all his Trauailes.

Duk. Tis moſt welcome,
It ſhall be Deere and pretious to our Eye.

Prod. He Reades, i'me glad he reades,
Now take thy opportunitie, leaue that place.

Phœ. At his firſt riſing let his fall be baſe.

Prod. That muſt be altered now.

Phœ. Which? his riſing or his fall?

Prod. Art thou dull now?
Thou hear'ſt the Prince is come.

Duk. What's heere my Lord?

Prod. My Lord?

Duk. I haue got ſuch a large portion of knowledge, moſt worthy father, by the benefit of my Trauaile,

Prod. And ſo he has no doubt my Lord.

Duk. That I am bold now to warne you of Lord Proditors inſolent Treaſon, who has irreligiouſly ſeduc'd a fellow, and cloſely cõuaide him ee'n in the preſence-chair to murder you

Phœ. Oh guiltie, guiltie.

Duke. What was that fell? whats he?

Phœ. I am the man.

Prod. O ſlaue!

Phœ. I haue no power to ſtrike.

Prod. I'me gone, i'me gone.

Duke. Let me admire heauen's wiſdome in my Sonne,

Phœn. I confeſſe it, he hyred me——

Prod. This is a ſlaue,
Tis forg'd againſt mine honour and my life,
For in what part of reaſon can't appeare,
The Prince being Trauaild ſhould know Treaſons heere
Plaine counterfet——

Duk. Dooſt thou make falſe our Sonne?

Prod. I know the prince will not affirme it.

Fid. He can and will my Lord:

Phœ. Moſt iuſt, he may: *Duke.* A guard.

Luſſ. Wee cannot but in loyall zeale our ſelues,
Lay hands on ſuch a Villaine.——

Duke. Stay you, I finde you heere too.

Luſ. Vs my Lord?

Duk. Againſt *Luſſurioſo* and *Infeſto*, who not onely moſt ryotouſly conſume their houſes in vicious gaming, morgaging their liuings to the Merchant, whereby hee with his heires enter vpon their lands, from whence this abuſe comes, that in ſhort time the Son of the Marchant has more Lordſhips then the Son of the Nobleman (which elſe was neuer borne to inheritance) but that which is more impious they moſt adulterouſly traine out young Ladyes to Midnight banquets, to the vtter defamation of their owne honors, and ridiculous abuſe of their Husbands.

Luſ. How could the Prince heare that?

Phœ. Moſt true my Lord.
My Conſcience is a witneſſe againſt it ſelfe,
For to that execution of chaſt honour,
I was both hyr'd and led.

Luſ. I hope the Prince out of his plentious wiſdome
Will not giue wrong to vs: as for this fellow
Hee's poore, and cares not to be deſperate,

Enter

Enter Iuſtice Falſo.

Falſ. Iuſtice my Lord, I haue my Neece ſtolne from me
Sh'as left her Dowrie with me but ſhee's gone,
Ide rather haue had her loue then her money I,
This, this, is one of them, Iuſtice my Lord:
I know him by his face, this is the Theefe.

Prod. Your grace may now in milder ſence perceiue
The wrong done to vs by this impudent wretch,
Who ha's his hand fixt at the throat of law,
And therefore durſt be deſperate of his life.

Duke. Peace you'r too foule, your crime is in exceſſe:
One ſpot of him, makes not your Vlcers leſſe.

Prod. Oh!

Duke. Did your Violence force away his *Neece*?

Phœ. No my good Lord, ile ſtill confeſſe whats truth.
I did remoue her from her many wrongs,
Which ſhee was pleaſ'd to leaue, they were ſo vilde.

Duke. What are you nam'd?

Fal. Falſo my Lord, Iuſtice Falſo, i'me known by that name.

Duke. Falſo, you came fitly,
You are the very next that followes here.

Falſ. I hope ſo my Lord, my name is in all the Records I can aſſure your good grace.

Duke. Againſt Iuſtice Falſo. *Falſ.* Ah.

Duk. Who hauing had the honeſt charge of his Neece committed to his truſt, by the laſt Will and Teſtament of her deceaſed father, & with her all the power of his wealth, not only againſt faith and conſcience detaines her Dowry, but againſt Nature & humanity aſſaies to abuſe her body,

Neece. I'me preſent to affirme it my lou'd Lord.

Falſ. How? what make I heere?

Neece. Either I muſt agree
To loathed luſt, or deſpiſde beggery,

Duk. Are you the plaintine here?

Falſ. I my good Lord,
For fault of a better.

Duk. Sildome comes a worſe and moreouer not containde in this vice only, which is odious too much, but againſt the

ſacred

ſacred vſe of Iuſtice, maintaines three theeues to his men.

Falſ. Cuds me!

Duk. Who only take Purſſes in their Maſters libertywhere if any one chance to be taken, hee appeares before him in a falſe Beard, & one of his own fellows takes his examinatiõ:

Fal. By my troth as true as can bee, but he ſhall not know on't.

Duk. And in the end will execute Iuſtice ſo cruelly vpon him, that he will not truſt him in a priſon, but commit him to his fellowes chamber.

Fal. Can a man do nothing i'the Countrey but tis told at Court? there's ſome buſie informing knaue abroad, a my life.

Phœ. That this is true, and theſe, and more my Lord.
Be it vnder pardon ſpoken for mine owne
He the diſeaſe of Iuſtice, theſe of honour,
And This of Loyaltie and Reuerence:
The vnſwept venome of the Pallace,

Prod. Slaue!

Phœ. Behold the Prince to approoue it diſcouers himſelfe.

Prod. Oh, where?

Phœ. Your Eyes keep with your Actions, both look wrong.

Prod. An infernall to my ſpirit.

All. My Lord the Prince:

Prod. Tread me to duſt, thou in whom wonder keepes,
Behold the Serpent on his bellie creepes.

Phœ. Ranckle not my foote, away.
Treaſon, we laugh at thy vaine-labouring ſtring,
Aboue the foote thou haſt no power ore Kings

Duk. I cannot with ſufficient ioy receiue thee,
And yet my ioye's too much,

Phœ. My royall Father,
To whoſe vnnaturall murther I was hir'd,
I thought it a more naturall courſe of trauaile,
And anſwering future expectation,
To leaue farre Countries, and enquire mine owne,

Duke. To thee let Reuerence all her powers engage,
That art in youth a myracle to age.
State is but blindneſſe, thou hadſt piercing Art,

Wee

We onely saw the knee, but thou the heart.
To thee then power and Dukedome we resigne,
" Hee's fit to raign, whose knowledge can refine,
Phœ. Forbid it my obedience.
Duk. Our word's not vaine,
I know thee wise, can'st both obey and raigne.
The rest of life we dedicate to heauen.
All. A happy and safe raigne to our new Duke.
Phœ. Without your praiers safer, and happier: Fidelio.
Fid. My royall Lord.
Phœ. Here take this Diamond:
You know the vertue on't, it can fetch vice:
Madam Castiza: *Fid.* She attends my Lord.
Phœ. Place a guard neare vs.
Know you yon fellow Lady?
Ladie. My honours euill. *Prod.* Tormentagent.
Phœ. So vgly are thy crimes
Thine eye cannot endure'em.
And that thy face may stand perpetually
Turn'd so from ours, and thy abhorred selfe,
Neither to threaten wracke of state or credite,
An euerlasting banishment ceaze on thee.
Prod. Oh Fiend!
Phœ. Thy life is such it is too bad to end.
Prod. May thy Rule, life, and all that's in thee glad,
Haue as short time—as thy begetting had. *Exit.*
Phœ. Away, thy curse is idle, the rest are vnder reformation, and therefore vnder pardon.
All. Our duties shall turne edge vpon our crimes.
Fals. S'lid I was afraid of nothing, but that for my theeverie, and bawderie, I should haue beene turned to an Inkeeper: my daughter, I am asham'd her worship should see me. *Enter Iewell with Fidelia.*
Iew. Who would not loue a friend at Court? what fine Galleries & roomes am I brought through? I had thought my knight durst not haue shown his face here, I—
Phœ. Now mother of pride, and daughter of lust, which is your friend now?

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Fid. My royall Lord.
Phœ. Here take this Diamond:
You know the vertue on't, it can fetch vice:
Madam Caſtiza: *Fid.* She attends my Lord.
Phœ. Place a guard neare vs.
Know you yon fellow Lady?
Ladie. My honours euill. *Prod.* Tormentagent.
Phœ. So vgly are thy crimes
Thine eye cannot endure 'em.
that thy face may ſtand perpetually
ſo from ours, and thy abhorred ſelfe,
to threaten wracke of ſtate or credite,
aſting baniſhment ceaze on thee.
Oh Fiend!
Thy life is ſuch it is too bad to end.
May thy Rule, life, and all that's in thee glad,
as ſhort time—as thy begetting had. *Exit.*
Phœ. Away, thy curſe is idle, the reſt are vnder reforma tion, and therefore vnder pardon.
All. Our duties ſhall turne edge vpon our crimes.
Falſ. S'lid I was afraid of nothing, but that for my theeverie, and bawderie, I ſhould haue beene turned to an Inkeeper: my daughter, I am aſham'd her worſhip ſhould ſee me. *Enter Iewell: with Fidelio.*
Iew. Who would not loue a friend at Court? what fine Galleries & roomes am I brought through? I had thought my knight durſt not haue ſhown his face here, I.
Phœ. Now mother of pride, and daughter of luſt, which is your friend now?

Iew. Ah me!

Phœ. I'me ſure you are not ſo vnprouided to be without a friend here, you'le pay enough for him firſt.

Iew. This is the worſt roome that euer I came in.

Phœ. I am your ſeruant Miſtris, know you not me?

Iew. Your worſhip is too great for me to know: I'me but a ſmall timbred-woman when I'me out of my apparell, and dare not venter vpon greatnes.

Phœ. Doe you denie me then? know you this purſe?

Iew. That purſe? O death has the Knight ſeru'd mee ſo: giuen away my Fauours?

Phœ. Stand forth—— thou one of thoſe, for whoſe cloſe luſts the plague neuer leaues the Citie.
Thou worſe then common: priuate, ſubtill harlot,
Thou doſt deceiue three with one faigned lip,
Thy husband, the worlds eye, and the lawes whip.
Thy zeale is hot, for tis to luſt and frawde.
And doſt not dread to make thy booke thy bawde,
Thou'rt curſſe enough to husbands il-got gaine:
For whom the Court reiects, his gold maintaines.
How deere and rare was Freedome wont to be,
How few but are by their wiues copies free,
And brought to ſuch a head that now we ſee,
Citie and Suburbs weare one liuerie.

Iew. Tis long of thoſe, an't like your grace, that come in vpon vs, and will neuer leaue marrying of our widdowes till they make 'em all as free as their firſt husbands:

Phœn. I perceiue you can ſhift a point well,

Iew. Let me haue pardon I beſeech your grace, and Ile peach 'em all, all the cloſe women that are, and my knowledge there's aboue fiue thouſand within the walls and the liberties.

Phœ. A band? they ſhall be ſent againſt the Turkes, Infidels againſt Infidels:

Iew. I will hereafter liue ſo modeſtly, I will not lie with mine owne husband, nor come neere a man in the way of honeſtie.

Falſ. Ile be her warrant my Lord.

Phœn. You are deceiu'd, you thinke y'are ſtill a Iuſtice.

Falſ. S'foot, worſe then I was before I kneeld, I am no Iuſtice now, I know I ſhall be ſome Inne-keeper at laſt.

Iew. My father! tis mine owne father.

Phœn. I ſhould haue wondred elſe, Iuſt being ſo like.

Neece. Her birth was kin to mine, ſhe may proue modeſt, for my ſake I beſeech you pardon her.

Phœn. For thy ſake ile doe more, Fidelio hand her, My fauours on you both, next all that wealth Which was committed to that Periur'ds truſt:

Falſ. I'me a begger now, worſe then an Inne-keeper:

Enter Tangle madde.

Tangle. Your *Mittimus* ſhall not ſerue, ile ſet my ſelfe free with a *Deliberandum*, with a *Deliberandum*, marke you.

Duke. What's he? a guard!

Phœ. Vnder your ſufferance, worthy Father, His harme is to himſelfe, One that ha's lou'd vexation ſo much, He cannot now be rid on't: Has beene ſo long in ſuits, that hee's Law-mad.

Tangle. A iudgement, I craue a iudement, yea! *Nunc pro Corruptione alicuius*, I peept me a Rauen in the face, and I thought it had beene my Soliciter: oh the pens pricke me.

Enter Quieto.

Phœ. And here comes hee (wonder for temperance. Will take the cure vpon him.

Quie. A bleſſing to this faire aſſembly.

Tang. Away, ile haue none ont, giue me an *Audita querela*, or a *Teſtificandum*, or a diſpatch in twelue Terms, there's a bleſſing, there's a bleſſing.

Phœn. You ſee the vnbounded rage of his diſeaſe,

Quie. Tis the foule fiend my Lord ha's got within him the reſt are faire to this, this breeds in Inke, And to that colour turnes the blood poſſeſt, For inſtance, now your grace ſhall ſee him dreſt.

Tan. Ah hah I reioyce then hee's puzled, and muzled too Iſt come to a *Sepe carpus*?

Quie. Ah, good ſir, this is for want of patience.

Tang. That's a foole.
She neuer ſaw the Dogs and the Beares fight,
A Countrey thing:
Quie. This is for lacke of grace,
Tan. I'ue other buſineſſe, not ſo much idle time.
Quie. You neuer ſay your prayers.
Tan. I'me aduizde by my learned counſel,
Quie. The power of my charme come o're thee,
Place by degrees thy wits before thee,
With ſilken patience here I binde thee,
Not to moue till I vnwinde thee.
Tan. Yea! is my cauſe ſo muddy? do I ſticke, doe I ſticke faſt?
Aduocate heer's my hand, pull, art made of flint?
Wilt not helpe out? —— alas there's nothing in't.
Phœn. Oh doe you ſluce the Veyne now?
Quie. Yes my honoured Lord.
Phœn. Pray let me ſee the iſſue.
Quie. I therefore ſeeke to keepe it, —now burſt out
Thou filthy ſtreame of trouble, ſpite and doubt.
Tan. Oh an extent, a *Proclamation*, a *Summons*, a *Recognizance*, a *Tachment*, and *Iniunction*, a *Writ*, a *Seyſure*, a *Writ of praiſement*, an *Abſolution*, a *Quietus eſt*.
Qui. You'r quieter I hope by much Dreggs.
Behold my Lord:
Phœn. This, why it out frownes Inke:
Quie. Tis the diſeaſes Nature, the Fiends drinke.
Tan. Oh ſicke, ſick, Signior, Ply-fee, ſicke: lend me thy Nightcap, oh!
Quie. The Balſum of a temperate braine,
I poure into this thirſtie veine,
And with this bleſſed oyle of quiet,
Which is ſo cheape, that few men buy it,
Thy ſtormie Temples I allay,
Thou ſhalt giue vp the Diuell and pray,
Forſake his works, they'r foule and blacke,
And keepe thee bare in purſſe and backe,
Mo more ſhalt thou in paper quarrell,
To dreſſe vp Apes in good apparell.

He

He throwes his ſtocke, and all his flocke,
Into a ſwallowing gulfe,
That ſends his Gooſe vnto his Foxe,
His Lambe vnto his Wolfe,
Keepe thy encreaſe,
And liue at peace,
For wars not equall to this battaile,
That eates but men, this men and cattaile,
Therefore no more this combate chooſe:
Where he that wins, do's alwaies looſe,
And thoſe that gaine all, with curſe receiue it,
From fooles they get it, to their ſonnes they leaue it,
Tan. Haile ſacred patience, I begin to feele
I haue a Conſcience now, Truth in my words, Compaſſion
in my hart, and aboue all, in my blood peaces muſicke,
Vſe me how you can,
You ſhall find me an honeſt-quiet men.
Oh, pardon, that I dare behold that face,
"Now I ue leaſt law, I hope I haue moſt grace:
Phœ. We both admire the work-man and his peece:
Thus when all hearts are tunde to Honors ſtrings,
There is no muſicke to the Quire of King.

FINIS.